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Literature

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L O R D L Y T T E L T O N ' s

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

W O R K S.

V O L. III.



GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

*From a painting by M.^r West in the Possession of the
Bishop of Bristol.*

T H E
W O R K S
O F
GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON;
FORMERLY PRINTED SEPARATELY:
AND NOW FIRST COLLECTED TOGETHER,
W I T H
SOME OTHER PIECES NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.
PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE EDWARD AYSCOUGH, Esq.
THE THIRD EDITION.
TO WHICH IS ADDED A GENERAL INDEX.
V O L. III.



L O N D O N:
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C O N T E N T S

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FOUR
S P E E C H E S
IN

P A R L I A M E N T:

P R I N T E D F R O M

Manuscripts of the late Lord LYTTTELTON;

C O M M U N I C A T E D B Y

WILLIAM HENRY LYTTTELTON, Esq.

VOL. III.

B



I.

S P E E C H

U P O N

T H E S C O T C H B I L L,

In the Year 1747.

Mr. SPEAKER,

IF it could ever be probable that any bill of great national consequence, especially one, in which not only the national interest, but many particular interests are also concerned, should pass through the house without a debate, I should have thought this would have done so; because none was ever more universally called for by the voice of the nation, none has ever undergone a longer or deeper consideration before it came into the house, or been considered by abler men, or with a more attentive and candid regard to any material objections. However, Sir, notwithstanding these circumstances, I did expect, that, in the committee, some difference

SPEECH UPON THE

of opinion would happen about particular parts of it; and indeed I rather wished that there might, because an affair of so serious a nature cannot be too carefully and strictly examined; and because, if there are faults in the bill, I sincerely desire they may be mended. But, Sir, I did not expect, I am extremely surprized, that it should be opposed upon the *principle*; that it should be opposed as a breach of the Union; and my concern is equal to my surprize. Next to the breaking of the Union, I hardly know a greater misfortune that can befall the united kingdom, than to have it suggested that it is broken, and to have that suggestion prevail in the minds of the people of Scotland. It is a suggestion in which the enemies of Scotland and England will find their account, the friends cannot; and, as I think it intirely groundless, I do most heartily grieve and lament that it has ever received any countenance here. God be thanked, they who are at the head of the law in Scotland have other notions upon this matter.

In the return made by the court of session to the house of lords concerning the heretable jurisdictions, this is the manner in which they express their sense upon that point: “ These jurisdictions, by the treaty of Union, are secured to the proprietors as rights of property, and therefore cannot, *without due satisfaction made to the owners*, be taken from them.”

them." If therefore due satisfaction be made to the owners, it is the opinion of the lords of the session, that these jurisdictions may be taken away, without any infringement of the treaty of Union; and that is the principle upon which this bill intirely proceeds: no jurisdictions are taken away by it, without due satisfaction made to the owners. Where then is the wrong, where is the violation of the *pacta conventa* between the two nations? Sir, I have considered the treaty of Union with all the attention and care that I possibly could, startled by the objections made by some persons, for whose judgement and love to their country I have the highest regard and respect: but I protest, that, after the strictest examination, there does not remain in my mind the least apprehension, or shadow of doubt, that it can be infringed by our passing this bill. The eighteenth and twentieth articles are all that relate to the matter before you; by the eighteenth, a distinction is made between the laws that concern publick right, policy, and civil government, and those that concern private rights: the first are declared to be alterable by parliament, the latter not, except it be for the evident utility of the people of Scotland. Now, Sir, not to insist on any difference between the laws that concern publick rights and private rights, but allowing this article extends alike to the securing of both from being altered by parliament;

yet still the exception contained in the same article, "that it may be done for the evident utility of the subjects in Scotland," is fully sufficient, according to my understanding, to vindicate this alteration from being an infringement of the treaty of Union. Nor can any distinction be made between this sort of property and any other existing in Scotland, but that the publick is more affected by this than by any other. As to the twentieth article, the intention and purport of it appears to me to be plainly this, That whereas these jurisdictions and superiorities are of a mixed nature, and might well be supposed to *concern policy and civil government*, and so to be alterable by parliament, even without compensation made to the owners; they were declared by this article to be *rights of property*, in order to put them upon the same foot with other *private rights*; and to secure an equivalent to the proprietors, in case they should be afterwards taken away by the wisdom of parliament; a case that was easy to be foreseen, because the inconvenience and evil arising from these jurisdictions had been pointed out more than once, even by parliament, before the Union; and because, till this is done, I will venture to say, the scheme of the Union, in all the beneficial purposes of it, will not be intirely and fully compleated. In the very words of this article a power of making this alteration is clearly implied. *The heretable*

heretable jurisdictions and superiorities are there reserved to the owners thereof, as rights of property; but, in what manner? Why in the same manner as they were then enjoyed by the laws of Scotland. Now, Sir, by the laws of Scotland, could not the Scotch parliament, before the Union, have altered this property, as well as all other property, upon due compensation made to the owners, for the good of the publick? They certainly could; and therefore subject to the same power, of alteration by parliament, they are declared to be now held and enjoyed. If the treaty of Union had established a property that could not be subject to such alteration upon such grounds, it must at the same time have established a maxim fundamentally contrary to the first principle of all civil society, and intirely destructive to it; this most preposterous maxim, *that the good of the publick ought to give way to private advantage.* But such an absurdity cannot be charged upon the legislators of two such wise nations as England and Scotland. Indeed, Sir, in no state upon the face of the earth, ever was there a property, or ever can there be any, which may not be altered or taken away, upon proper amends made to the proprietors, for the good of the whole. Even the property of our kings themselves has not been exempt from this general rule, The wardship of those who held of the crown, that is, of all the nobility and gentry of

SPEECH UPON THE

England, was a property fixed in our kings, even from the time of William the Conqueror; it was an hereditary, lucrative right of the crown; and yet, for the good of the people, because it was thought to be hurtful to them, the parliament took it away, upon an equivalent paid to the crown. Did any man ever suppose that this act of parliament was an injustice, or any breach of the original compact between the king and the people, a compact as binding and inviolable as the *pacta conventa* of the Union itself? Was it ever considered, I say, as a violation of that, or as any affront to the royal dignity? No, it was never so thought of by the most zealous assertor of the rights of the crown. What! then, is the property of the barons of Scotland of a more sacred nature, or is their honour more tender, than that of the king? Give me leave to observe to you, that this right of wardship was taken away in the very first year of king Charles the Second's government, before he had made any ill use of those powers: but, as the powers themselves were judged to be hurtful, it was not considered in whose hands they were lodged, nor what use was made of them at that particular time. The wisdom of parliament looked to futurity, and thought it expedient to buy off and to abrogate this ancient, undoubted, hereditary right of the crown, not from any complaint of a present abuse

abuse of it, but because it had been abused in former times, and might be again. Sir, it is said, these jurisdictions were not any cause of the late rebellion in Scotland, for that the proprietors of them were all firm and loyal on the side of the government : that is a fact which I believe may be controverted ; but I will not dispute it, because, if it be not universally true, it is certainly so with regard to the far greater part ; the far greater part were, without question, firmly and zealously attached to the government, and I think they deserve the highest returns of honour and gratitude from their king and their country. No man can detest more than I do the false, seditious, and scandalous libels, breathed from the malignant spirit of Jacobitism, under the mask of zeal for the government, which have imputed to them, or to the Scotch nation in general, any disloyalty or disaffection. Certain I am, that nothing can be further from the true intent and meaning of this bill, than to throw any colour of blame on their conduct. It is a bill of prevention, and not of punishment ; a bill of general policy, that does not aim at particular persons, but considers the whole, considers past times, and future, as well as the present. Sir, if I am rightly informed, in the year 1715, all these jurisdictions were not on the side of the government ; the weight of many of them was felt very dangerously on the side of rebellion.

SPEECH UPON THE

bellion. I admit that, in general, it was otherwise now: but to argue from thence against this bill, would be to reason upon very short views. If there be in the nature of these jurisdictions, as I am strongly convinced that there are, any such powers as are inconsistent with the good order of government, inconsistent with that sound policy which carries the majesty and justice of the crown into every part of the state, and presents to the eye of the subject no other object for his obedience, no other executive power, no other fountain of justice, except the king; if there be any thing in these regalities, superiorities, and jurisdictions, or in the authority usurped and exercised in imitation of these by the chiefs of the clans, which contradicts this great principle of that constitution under which we are so happy to live, which in any degree interposes itself between the crown and the people, between the head of the commonwealth and the members, however the influence of such irregular powers may have been used on the present occasion, there is in the powers themselves a root of danger, which it becomes the prudence and foresight of a wise legislature not to allow to remain. Sir, it should be plucked up, not with a violent hand, but with a firm and a determined one. Of this I am sure, that it is more for the honour of government, more for the welfare and safety of the people, to see effects in their causes, and to destroy the
seeds

seeds of future commotions, than to wait till they come to that fatal maturity, which, at the same time that it renders the evil more plain and apparent, may wholly disable you from effecting the cure. I remember a fine panegyrick, made by the lord Bacon, upon the laws of Henry the Seventh. "His laws (says he) were deep, and not vulgar; not made upon the spur of a present expediency, but with providence for the future." All these admirable words may with great justice and truth be applied to the bill now under your consideration. It is a law that is *deep*, and not *vulgar*: it is not made upon the meer *spur of a present expediency*, on account of the late rebellion alone, or for the purposes of this present year, but *with providence for the future*. I may also add, as my lord Bacon does, *after the example of ancient times*. It was the policy of king Henry the Seventh, one of the ablest princes that ever sat on the English throne, to break the power of the barons, and free the people from the yoke of it, as much as he possibly could: to the consequential effects of that policy rightly pursued by his successors, upon the foundations which he had laid, is owing the trade, the wealth, and the liberty, that the English nation enjoys at this day. Sir, I have heard with no little wonder an imagination thrown out by some honourable gentlemen zealous for liberty, as if the purchasing these

these jurisdictions and superiorities out of the hands of the present possessors, and the restoring them back again to the crown, would be detrimental to publick freedom. Sir, I have thought, and read, a good deal upon the nature of government; and, from the result of that application, I think I may venture to lay it down as a maxim, that, in every kingdom, where any great powers, especially of judicature, are lodged in particular subjects independently of the crown, it is for the good of the people that they should be taken out of those hands, and lodged in the crown. The contest in that case is not, as these honourable persons seem to apprehend, between the crown on the one side, and the people on the other; but between the crown and the people united together in one common cause against the interest of those in whom such powers are vested, which is an interest distinct from both, and hurtful to both: in other words, it is not a dispute between liberty and prerogative, but between oppression and government. This is so true, that in no one of the many Gothick constitutions established in Europe, did ever the people attain to any considerable share, either of wealth, or power, or freedom, till they were emancipated from such jurisdictions, and till all the powers of the great feudal lords, those petty tyrants, too potent for subjects, too weak for sovereigns; who were
strong

strong enough to oppress, but not strong enough to protect; till all their powers were entirely absorbed in the more beneficial and salutary power of the crown. Indeed, Sir, in every limited monarchy, that is, in a free government which has a king at the head of it, the power of the crown, when acting properly within its due bounds, restrained and confined by law and by parliament, is the power of the whole commonwealth.—It is not an interest set up in the king in contradistinction to that of his people; no, the power of the crown is only a name for the executive part of the government; it is the *vigour and energy* of the whole state that acts in these cases, though, in the style and language of the law, it be called the act of the crown. This is particularly true in matters of judicature, and the administration of justice: *That* is a power, which it is so much the interest of the whole commonwealth to place in the crown, that, when a king divests himself of it, or gives up any part of it, he so far withdraws the protection he owes to his subjects, and loosens the bond of their allegiance. *Will you not bear my cause?* (said a suitor for justice to Philip of Macedon) *why then you are not my king!* Philip allowed the force of his reasoning, and confirmed him his subject by hearing his cause. If he had referred him to a great lord, to an hereditary

SPEECH UPON THE

ditary judge, the man would have taken that lord for his king.—It is in the dispensing of justice, in the protecting of right, and redressing of wrongs, that the royal authority best appears to the subject. It is in that view of it, that it excites his veneration and love; and when any part of the people do not see their sovereign in that awful character, they are apt to forget him, and turn their eyes another way. Therefore the wisdom of our constitution has made all jurisdiction immediately flow from the crown. Sir, extend that wisdom to Scotland; let none be exercised in the most distant corner of these regal dominions, at least in matters of any important regard and concernment, and where unfurmountable difficulties do not prevent an alteration; let no jurisdiction, I say, be exercised, otherwise than in the name of the king, and by virtue of his commission alone. This is an eternal maxim of policy: it is not taken up from any sudden heat or repentment, but upon cool and mature deliberation.—I hope it will not be laid down, because of any sudden heat or repentment arising against it, without a just or reasonable cause. Such repentment cannot be lasting: time and experience will overcome it; but the great benefits, that will arise from this bill, if it shall pass into a law, the good influence that it will have over the whole British state,

state, will last, I hope, to the latest posterity. Can there be any thing more advantageous to the subject in Scotland, can there be a better or happier fruit of the Union, than an entire communication of the generous, free, and noble plan of the law of England, in the room of those servile tenures and customs, which deform the system of government there; and, by the effects that they have over that part of the people which is least civilized and most prone to disorder, disturb the peace, and endanger the safety, of the whole constitution? When this is done, when these thorns are once rooted up, the way will be open to many other improvements, to the introduction of arts, of manufactures, of industry, of all the virtues and sweets of civil life, even in the wildest parts of that country. But all these blessings must be the gifts of good government: before you can hope to make those people good subjects, or useful to you in any respect, you must first shew them whose subjects they are; before they can be mended by the instructions of government, they must be protected by the power and care of it. Authority and justice must take the lead in this great work of reformation; discipline, peace, and civility, will follow after.

Sir, the matter before you is of so very extensive a nature, it might be shewn to you in so many lights of general policy,

so many authorities might be alledged in support of it, out of all histories ancient and modern, and from the best and most famous writers upon the laws of nature and nations, that I should weary your patience, which has already indulged me too long, if I were to say half that occurs to me upon this subject. I have purposely avoided the considering of any objections made to particular parts of the bill: that will be better done in the committee; it is not proper to do it here. I hope that it will not be necessary to say any thing more, in order to shew what this bill is not; that it is not a breach of the Union, that it is not an act of injustice, that it is not an infliction of penalties on the innocent and well-deserving. Allow me just to sum up, in a few very words, what I think that it is. It is a bill to secure and perfect the Union; to carry the justice of the king into every part of the united kingdom, and, together with that royal justice, a more settled peace, a more regular order, a surer protection, a closer and stronger bond of allegiance; to put an end to all those dependencies that combine men together, not as the subjects of the same king, or fellow-citizens of the same state, but as the followers of particular lords, and which create an awe, and an influence, alike incompatible either with liberty or government. This, I apprehend,

will be done by this bill; and when you do this, you do at the same time, by a necessary consequence, strengthen the whole constitution, strengthen the crown on his majesty's head, strengthen the establishment in his royal family, and make the cause of the pretender more desperate. For this is most certain, that all irregularities and disorders in government, all deviations from the rule of true policy and from the true genius of the constitution, naturally tend to disturbances, naturally tend to a change of the government, and will sooner or later produce or assist one, if they are not prevented by timely precaution.

This is the object, this is the sole intent of a bill, against which such unfortunate, and let me say such unreasonable, prejudices have been conceived. I cannot better commend the policy of it, than in the words of a great lawyer and a great statesman, Sir John Davies, in his excellent book upon the State of the Kingdom of Ireland, a book that has been lately re-printed, and well deserves to be read and considered by every gentleman here upon this occasion. His words are these; "There can never be concord or unity in any one kingdom, but where there is but one king, one allegiance, and one law."

II.

S P E E C H

O N

T H E M U T I N Y B I L L,

And more particularly on the Clause concerning HALF-PAY OFFICERS.

In the Year 1751.

Mr. SPEAKER,

THIS bill has been considered, and I am glad that it has, with all the attention that a house of parliament ought to give to so important a subject. Some material alterations have been made in it, material at least to prevent misconstructions; and I see with concern how necessary that caution is now become. Misconstructions, Mr. Speaker,

and misrepresentations, are epidemical in this country. What the consequence of them might be to our future tranquillity I should tremble to think, if I did not rely on a maxim, which I hold equally certain in publick or private life, that *truth is great, and will prevail*.

But, Sir, after so much has been done in the committee to mend this bill, I should not have expected a debate on the report two days together, especially upon a point so thoroughly canvast as the half-pay has been, and which apparently lies in a very narrow compass! But there is so fruitful a genius in the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the house, that nothing can exhaust it; not to mention another quality in some of those gentlemen, which is of no less use to the purpose of prolonging debates, a certain happy forgetfulness of what has been said in answer to arguments maintained by them, and a delightful inward conviction, which I very much envy, that whatever they say is (to use the expression of a noble lord on the floor) *undeniable irresistible truth*; and that all who differ from them *are sunk in a stupid insensibility*, out of which it is necessary to draw them, if possible, by frequent repetitions.

One observation has struck me through the whole course of these debates, that the more candour has been shewn in amending the

SPEECH UPON THE

the bill, the more unexceptionable it has been made—the higher the spirit of opposition against it has seemed to rise. What one should naturally infer from thence; how far such a conduct can be supposed to proceed from the genuine spirit of liberty, clear of all other motives less respectable and less pure, the house will judge: I shall only say, that, I believe, an opposition so carried on cannot have any great weight, either within the walls or without.

The great point, which has been the subject of so much eager altercation; this terrible clause, about which such alarms have been given; alarms that have spread from the army to the navy, as if it threatened no less than the enslaving of both; is in truth no more than saying, that an officer is an officer, and not a meer civil man; that he who receives the king's pay cannot be supposed to be out of his service; and that he who is in the king's service may be commanded to serve him when occasion requires, and cannot be wholly exempt from that military discipline which the necessity of the service demands. These are all the propositions contained in this clause; and which of these can be denied? It is supposing a government to be out of its senses, to suppose it could give half-pay to officers in the manner we give it, if you do not consider it as a
retainer,

retainer, and as an obligation to serve: for, had it been given purely and simply as a reward for past services, it would then have been given only to veterans, or such officers as had eminent merit to plead. Is this the case? We know the contrary: we know it is given to many, who, in the meritorious sense of the word, have not *served* at all. It must be therefore considered as an *obligation to serve*, not an *exemption from service*, in the general purpose and view with which it was given. But, if it be not *a total exemption from service*; then, allow me to say, there can be nothing more absurd than to suppose there is *a total exemption from discipline*, where there is not *a total exemption from service*.

Indeed, Sir, there are some parts of military discipline, from which an officer, when in half-pay, will be exempt, not by any discharge from the service, but by his situation. They cannot have the same operation upon one living retired at his own house in the country, as upon one doing duty in a camp or a garrison; nor would they have it any more though he were in full pay, so long as he remained in that retreat: but, so far as discipline can operate upon him in such a situation, it certainly does; because he is an officer, because he still retains his commission, by which he was first subjected

to discipline ; and not only receives the wages of the government, not only retains the rank he had, but may be promoted from the degree of a colonel to that of a field-marshal. While he has all these emoluments derived from the service, is it not reasonable, is it not fitting, that he should be bound by its laws? where is the hardship of this, where is the injustice, where is the servitude? It is to me unaccountable, that an officer should complain of the loss of freedom, of being reduced to the condition of a slave and a janissary ; because, while he receives but half-pay, he still continues subject to the same law, acting upon him in a much less degree ; to the same law, I say, which he is willing to live under, in its utmost extent, when he is in full-pay. Is not this in effect to declare, that the difference between freedom and slavery may be made up and compensated to him by the difference between full-pay and half-pay ? But the officers of our army have more generous sentiments. Though this induction be fairly and necessarily drawn from this way of talking, it is a consequence they do not attend to when they so talk. If the military law of this country be such a tyranny as some honourable gentlemen, in the hyperboles of their eloquence and flame of their zeal against this bill, have represented it here ;

no man, who values his liberty, would ever submit to it for the sake of full pay, any more than of half-pay; no, not for a day, or an hour. But, if it be really as consistent with freedom as the nature of things can admit, as consistent with freedom as the military law of the freest commonwealths has ever been; if it be such, that men of the highest spirit and noblest minds, such as the officers of our army now are, need not be afraid, or ashamed, to live under it, when in full-pay; how the same law should make them slaves, meerly because they are reduced to half-pay, I do not comprehend. We may therefore conclude, that half-pay or full-pay can create no distinction in relation to discipline, and to the obedience that an officer indispensably owes to *lawful* commands. As to any vexatious, injurious, or grievous commands, I do not understand that an officer in half-pay is not as well guarded against the danger of those as one in full-pay. It is the constant inspection and superintendency of parliament over every branch of the administration, that is the great guard and security to every man in this kingdom against any grievous abuse of the execution of power, either in civil or military affairs. If this security fails, if we no longer trust to it, we are undone.

All power may be abused: but does it follow from thence, that any *necessary* power

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must be taken away? If that reasoning holds, it is not the perfection, but the dissolution, of government, it is not freedom, but anarchy, which must be the end of our debates.

Sir, permit me to say, it is wisdom in a government, not to tie itself down from the occasional exercise of certain powers, which yet it will not desire or think proper to use, except in very extraordinary cases; such as, probably, may never happen so long as the apprehension of those powers remains, but might become frequent, and dangerous to the state, if that apprehension were removed.

Many imaginary cases of a hard and unwarrantable use of such powers, very affecting indeed, but very improbable, have been suggested as arguments against this bill; and they may do very well to fill up a pamphlet, and inflame a coffee-house: but, in a house of parliament, among wise and considerate men, they can make no great impression; because, in reality, they prove nothing, or prove too much: for, either the army itself will not be in a temper to do and suffer such things, or, unquestionably, any legal restraints to prevent them will be ineffectual and vain.

Sir, I entirely agree with the honourable gentlemen over the way in a maxim they have
have

have laid down, and insisted upon much through the whole course of these debates, that, if our army should be under bad government, our civil constitution would be in a very precarious and dangerous state. I think it would, and for that very reason I am a friend to this bill. But I can by no means allow, either that officers in half-pay are no part of the army, or that the army is under bad government; because the law by which it is governed, and must be governed, or cease to be an army, is not, contrary to the nature and reason of things, so *mild* a law, or quite so well guarded, in every respect, against the danger of abuse, as our civil constitution. It is sufficient if you bring it as near as you can to the model of *that*, and take care (as you have done) to prevent it from acting in opposition to *that*, by declaring the obedience, which it requires from those who are under its authority, not to be due to any other than *lawful* commands. Nor do I in the least apprehend, that the system of discipline established in this bill should frighten any one gentleman of virtue and spirit out of the service, when I consider *who* and *what* the officers are, that have given their opinions in support of it, during the time it has been so deliberately and carefully discussed in this house. I cannot desire a more sufficient security against any
fears

fears of that kind, on which so much stress has been laid by the honourable gentleman who began this debate, and by the noble lord who spoke last.

As to any ministerial influence over the officers of our army to be derived from this bill, though we have heard so much talk of it upon this occasion; I protest to you, Sir, I cannot see the least reason, or colour of reason, to suspect any such thing. Ministerial influence over the army can only arise from powers lodged in the crown, with which it is evident this bill has nothing to do; the power of promoting officers, and the power of cashiering them at the pleasure of the king, without any form of trial. The interposition of a court-martial, as regulated by this bill, is an impediment thrown in the way of a minister, who should desire to make an ill use of the latter of these powers; and must therefore be regarded as a further security given to the officers against any such influence, so far as the operation of this bill can extend.

Sir, these are the lights in which the question now before you appears to me, stripped of all those disguises in which false apprehensions have dressed it up; false apprehensions, that have unaccountably been carried so far, as to suppose this most necessary bill, without which a standing army could not

be restrained from destroying itself, or every thing else, calculated to serve bad designs (I know not what, nor of whom) against the liberty of this country. Sir, permit me to say, it is by relaxing discipline, not by enforcing it, that those who have bad designs to carry on by an army must always proceed.

When they desire to leap over the fences of law, they must throw the reins loose upon the horse's neck, instead of checking or curbing him with a stricter hand. Liberty and discipline, liberty and government, are much nearer allied, and much more compatible the one with the other (whatever some may think), than liberty and licentiousness. Look in history, and you will find it universally true, that the freest states have been strictest in their military discipline; and the best men in those states have always exacted it with the greatest severity.

Good laws, says Machiavel, must be maintained by good arms, and good arms by good discipline. It is a very just maxim, which no government should forget. Late experience has shewn us, that, if we had not had good arms and good discipline, our good laws would have been lost. A very different system of laws, both civil and military, would have been dictated to us by *Highland legislators*, and renegado Englishmen *drest in their*

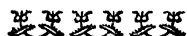
their liveries *. It is to this army, it is to this discipline, of which such terrors are conceived, that we owe our delivery from slavery in its most abject and loathsome form. Therefore, the maintaining this discipline, the not suffering it to be relaxed and corrupted in time of peace, is essentially necessary to the safety of the whole constitution; and they who are friends to the one, will be friends to the other.

The noble lord who spoke last has made mention of *the peace*, and supposed the goodness of it to be an argument against the necessity of many parts of this bill. Sir, no man rejoices more than I do in the peace—I think it has snatched us from the brink of a precipice, which was just ready to sink under our feet. But, that it has freed us from all danger, I cannot flatter myself, I will not flatter any body else, so much as to say. It has removed danger to some distance: but there is still in our whole political state, with respect to foreign powers, great cause for apprehension. We must not fall under the shade of this peace: if we do, that sleep may end in death.

In pace, ut sapiens, aptabit idonea bello,
is a very excellent rule, to which our govern-

* This alludes to the fashion, taken up at this time by all the Jacobites in England, of wearing Scotch plaids for their waistcoats, as a party distinction.

ment has not always enough attended. I hope we shall not be negligent of it now, more especially with regard to the discipline of our army, which must be preserved in its vigour, if we desire that the army should be able to serve against our foreign enemies, or would not have it become itself the most dangerous enemy to our domestick peace and tranquillity.



III.

S P E E C H
O N
THE REPEAL OF THE ACT
CALLED
THE J E W - B I L L,

In the Year 1753.

Mr. S P E A K E R,

I See no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced that, in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews
to

to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should ever be indifferent about *that*! But I thought *this* had no more to do with religion than any turnpike act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration than obstinacy in trifles. Publick wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge *a small folly*, and will resist *a great one*. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance of human nature: not to

resist

SPEECH UPON THE

resist the latter, at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing); but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from any angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But, from the ill-understood insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle-fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours.

vours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called *holy wars*. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself *not a Christian*. Christianity, Sir, breathes *love*, and *peace*, and *good-will to man*. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session, for naturalizing of Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Something that fell from my honourable friend who spoke last, makes it proper for me to add one argument more, in order to shew the expediency of passing this bill.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance

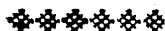
riance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state; whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe, that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy, which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church), for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly imports the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But, if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope, you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house,
and

and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all publick quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

The bill before us, I am sure, is not persecution. It only puts every body in that situation where every body was easy. It is a gentle, a prudent, and a moderate measure; tending to quiet and settle the minds of men, which have been unhappily disturbed without any necessity; and, therefore, I give it my most hearty concurrence.

N.B. The act for naturalizing Jews gave no greater privileges to any Jew settling here, than are at present enjoyed by the son of a Jew, *born in England*; and much less than have been given to them, *since the dispersion*, by many other nations.



IV.

S P E E C H

IN

THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

CONCERNING

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

In the Year 1763.

“ Resolved, by the commons in parliament, That
 “ privilege of parliament does not extend to the
 “ case of writing and publishing seditious libels,
 “ nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordi-
 “ nary course of the laws in the speedy and ef-
 “ fectual prosecution of so heinous and dan-
 “ gerous an offence.”

MY LORDS,

AFTER what has been said, with so
 much weight and authority, by a noble
 and learned lord who presides in the highest
 court of judicature in this kingdom with

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such distinguished abilities, it would be impertinent and vain for me, in speaking upon this question, to argue from precedents or constructions of law, and to tell your lordships that *publick and seditious libels are breaches of the peace, and much higher breaches of it, in the eye of the law, than forcible entries or forcible detainers*; in which cases the house of commons has declared, by a resolution in the year 1697, *that no member of that house hath any privilege*. Nor need I observe to your lordships, that the standing order of this house, made in the year 1624, has not been, and cannot possibly be, understood by your lordships, *as a compleat definition of all exceptions to privilege*; because, since the making of that order, and before the statute by which forgery was declared to be felony, this house ordered Mr. John Ward to be prosecuted for forgery, without any regard to his privilege, though they knew him to be a member of the lower house of parliament; and because a subsequent standing order, of the 8th of June, 1757, specifies another exception, not express in the former. Both these instances are decisive of the opinion of this house on the question now before you, with regard to the law and usage of parliament: but I shall only beg leave to trouble your lordships with a few observations on the consequences of such an extensive construction of privilege as is contended

tended for by some lords ; from whom I am extremely sorry to differ, but from whom I must differ on this occasion, or from all the notions I have formed of that constitution which I am bound to maintain.

My lords, all privileges are subordinate to the great laws of society, to the good order, the peace, and the safety, of the state. The noble duke who spoke last has told your lordships very truly, that this, which is now under your consideration, was not given as a favour to the members of parliament, for their own sakes ; but as a guard, which the constitution has set over their persons and necessary attendants, for the security of that duty they owe to the publick. From the intention and end of this privilege, the nature and limitations of it may be reasonably inferred. It must not be exercised to the grievous inconvenience and detriment of the publick : it must not obstruct the publick justice : it must not endanger the publick safety. Anarchy, my lords. is not liberty, no more than despotism is government : but true liberty and legal government are inseparably connected : what is adverse to the one, is adverse to the other. The legal power of government, in a well-constituted state, is the guardian of all privileges, charters, and rights : but this guardian must be unable to execute its great trust, if it is not itself supported by that respect and that re-

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verence which is due to it from those to whom it gives protection. What respect, my lords, or what reverence, can be preserved to any government, where sedition may plead privilege, to stop the hands of publick justice; and where crimes of the most malignant and dangerous nature, crimes which shake the very foundations of the publick tranquillity, may claim the protection of a house of parliament, to let them go on unrestrained? can it be possible that a parliamentary sanction and authority should ever be given to a notion so repugnant to the purpose for which parliaments were established, to the *salus populi*, the supreme object and end of all government?

The many evils that must attend such a construction of privilege are apparent and dreadful! What is the remedy for those evils? The remedy, we are told, may be properly and safely obtained from either house of parliament, the privilege of which is a bar to all other relief; the justice of the kingdom will be only stopt till the next meeting of parliament (perhaps for six or seven months). As soon as ever it meets, complaint may be made to your lordships, or to the house of commons; and then right will be done. How, my lords, will right be done? It is the doctrine of the commons, *that no member can be compelled to waive his privilege*;—what if he will not
 I
 waive

waive it? what if, conscious of guilt and apprehensive of punishment, he skulks behind his privilege, and holds it up as a shield between him and justice? Why then he may be expelled; and after such expulsion he may be prosecuted by the king, without offence to the liberty and independence of parliament.

Is not this, my lords, to declare, that every member of parliament, *while he continues a member*, though he be guilty of perjury, of misprision of felony, of misprision of treason, though he spread sedition from one end of the kingdom to the other, is absolutely exempt from the justice of the crown? Such an exemption is most abhorrent from the whole spirit and genius of our constitution. It is the worst solecism in politicks: it is setting up a kingdom within a kingdom. Something like it I remember to have been claimed by the clergy in the darkest ages of ignorance and Popish superstition. They said, their persons were privileged: no process from the king's courts ought to go out against them; but, if any clergyman was accused of any heinous misdemeanour, application might be made to the spiritual court; *there* the cause might be tried; and, if that court found him guilty, he would be deprived of his orders; after which, being no member of their sacred body, the justice of the kingdom might take hold of him; but not before.

This

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This proposition appeared so monstrous, that even those times would not bear it; and yet, my lords, it may perhaps be thought more excusable to suffer a number of criminals to be out of the reach of publick justice, from false notions of piety and a respect for religion in the persons of its ministers, than where it might be imagined that a partiality for ourselves occasioned the exemption.

I will not repeat to your lordships the black catalogue of crimes, and the great multitude of criminals, that, you have been told by a noble and learned lord, would be comprehended within this construction of privilege, if it should be established. With regard to all these, the king would in effect be dethroned: he would *bear the sword in vain*; he would be *no terror to evil-doers*; his hands would be tied, till your lordships, or the lower house of parliament, or the convocation, if the offender should belong to their body, would be pleased to unbind them. Is this, my lords, the law and constitution of England, the first maxim of which is, *that all justice flows from the crown*? The king is sworn to do justice, impartial and equal justice. He is the vicegerent of that God *to whom vengeance belongs*. What power upon earth can intercept or delay that righteous vengeance? what power upon earth can have any right, any privilege, to interpose itself between him and the performance of his

his oath, which is an essential part of the duty he owes to his people? By the constitution of England, *allegiance is tied to protection*: if you deprive the subjects of the benefit of the *royal protection*, you *dissolve their allegiance*.

With respect to that particular species of crimes which is immediately under your consideration, I will venture to say, that felony itself is in no degree so alarming, so pernicious to the publick, as some *seditious libels*. They respect nothing; they spare nothing: the crown, the legislature, publick order, morality, the Divine Majesty itself, is not exempt from their insults. Permit me, my lords, to paint to you in a very words the present condition of this country, with relation to what is called *the liberty of the press*. If a foreigner were to take his ideas of England from the printed libels on both sides, he would think we had no government, no law, no God. I will spare your lordships the contemplation of so frightful a picture in its full length and dimensions; and confine myself to two points, which I think more especially demand your attention.

There are two advantages upon which our publick welfare and strength particularly depend; both of which these wicked libellers have most diligently and maliciously endeavoured to destroy; I mean, the Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland; and

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and that extinction of party spirit, the bane of all publick spirit, I say, my lords, that extinction of party spirit, which crowned with happiness and with glory the latter years of our late most gracious sovereign, and the beginning of his present majesty's most auspicious, most benignant, and most prosperous reign. Of these inestimable blessings these execrable writings have attempted to deprive us: they have breathed a spirit of discord, which, if great care be not taken to stop the further progress of it, will avenge the enemies of this country of all the evils they have suffered from that invincible force and energy, which a very different spirit, a spirit of union and concord, enabled us to exert. What can be imagined more injurious, more fatal to our happiness, than weekly and daily libels, sent all over the kingdom, which have a strong and manifest tendency to break those ties of mutual interest and mutual affection, which bind and knit us together; and to raise animosities, jealousies, deadly feuds, and civil wars, between the two nations? If the detected authors of such writings, by being members of parliament (a circumstance which in reality much enhances their guilt), may go on with full security, in open defiance of all law and legal authority, to inflame the wounds they have made, to infuse into them new venom, till they are rendered incurable; if this indeed

indeed be *English liberty*; then, I am sure; our constitution will be *felo de se*, and wants no enemy but itself to bring it to destruction.

But we ought to be very careful of the privileges of parliament.—Alas, my lords, in that total anarchy, in that dissolution of all government, which this unbounded licentiousness must necessarily produce, will parliament be secure? When a city is set on fire, if nothing is done to extinguish or stop the conflagration, will the flames respect the senate-house any more than the palace? Great apprehensions are conceived, if your lordships should agree to this resolution, of a terrible abuse of their power in the ministers of the crown, by wantonly and maliciously imprisoning members of either house of parliament, for innocent writings. Many answers may be given to those apprehensions: I shall only insist upon one.—The administration of justice and the execution of laws are, by the constitution of our government, entrusted to the crown and its officers; but entrusted under checks beneficial to liberty, beneficial to justice. Of all those checks, the most effectual is the superintendence of parliament, which is as formidable to the highest magistrate as it is to the lowest; to the secretary of state as to the justice of peace. And the terror of this must operate in a particular manner, where the privileges of parliament itself are concerned. In a
bailable

bailable case, as this is, the confinement must be presently ended: at the first sitting of the parliament, the house must know and judge of the reasons of the commitment; if they are not sufficient, immediate vengeance will fall on the head of the minister, who has injured the house in the person of its member. Thus, my lords, both the government and our liberty are as safe as the imperfection of human policy will allow them to be. But if you change this wise system; if you take the executive power from the crown, and place it in either house of parliament; what check, what controul, will then remain?—An arbitrary power will be *there*, which is no where else in our government; an arbitrary power without appeal.

I therefore hope, that your lordships will not differ from the commons in this resolution: but, at the same time, I respect and venerate the principle, upon which the opposition to it is founded; a principle of jealous caution, not to do any thing that may hurt the independence of parliament, which is so important to the security of the whole commonwealth. Such a caution is very commendable, and the zeal excited by it meritorious, even where it is mistaken. I congratulate your lordships, I congratulate the whole nation, on that zeal being so warm in the breasts of young noblemen, who have spoken so ably and so eloquently in this debate.

debate. But, in order to preserve the independence of parliament against any future violations on the part of the crown, it will be necessary to preserve the reputation of parliament in the minds of the people, and the love of it in their hearts. How, my lords, can this be done, if they find it an obstacle to that equal justice, which is their birth-right and their safety?

Upon the whole, I am confident, your lordships will on no account depart from that maxim, which is the corner-stone of all government! *that justice should have its course, without stop or impediment. Jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint*: This, my lords, is the very soul and essence of freedom. Obstruct this, and you immediately open a door to all violence and confusion, to all the iniquity and all the cruelties of private revenge, to the destruction of private peace, the dissolution of publick order, and in the end to an unlimited and despotick authority, which we must be forced to submit to, as a remedy against such intolerable evils. *The dominion of law is the dominion of liberty.* Privilege against law, in matters of high concernment to the publick, is oppression, is tyranny, wheresoever it exists.

P O E M S.

VOL. III.

E

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE:

IN

FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY.

To Mr. POPE.

II. HOPE.

To the Hon. GEORGE
DODDINGTON.

III. JEALOUSY.

To EDW. WALPOLE, Esq;

IV. POSSESSION.

To the Right Hon. the Lord
Viscount COBHAM.



U N C E R T A I N T Y.

E C L O G U E I.

To Mr. P O P E.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen
 shade,
 The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler
 praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
 Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
 His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of interest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

“ Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
 “ Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
 “ For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 “ Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
 “ In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 “ To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 “ Though wild Ambition, and destructive Rage,
 “ No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
 “ Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 “ Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
 “ Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
 “ Too often violates your boasted rest;

“ With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 “ And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

“ Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
 “ On Delia’s face I fix’d my eagereyes !
 “ Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 “ Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :
 “ And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
 “ But what my heart employ’d on her alone.
 Then too the smil’d : can smiles our peace destroy,
 “ Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
 “ How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 “ From the same spring at the same moment flow ?
 “ Unhappy boy ! these vain enquiries cease,
 “ Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy
 “ peace :

“ Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
 “ And sooth the pain thou know’st not how to cure,
 “ Come, flattering Memory, and tell my heart
 “ How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 “ She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
 “ Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
 “ If on the green we danc’d, a mirthful band,
 “ To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 “ Her partial taste, if e’er I touch’d the lyre,
 “ Still in my song found something to admire.

“ By none but her my crook with flowers was
“ crown’d,
“ By none but her my brows with ivy bound ;
“ The world that Damon was her choice believ’d,
“ The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv’d.
“ When last I saw her, and declar’d my fire
“ In words as soft as passion could inspire,
“ Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
“ Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
“ The frightened hind, who sees his ripen’d corn
“ Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
“ Whose fairest hopes destroy’d and blasted lie,
“ Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
“ Ah, how have I deserv’d, inhuman maid,
“ To have my faithful service thus repaid ?
“ Were all the marks of kindness I receiv’d,
“ But dreams of joy, that charm’d me and deceiv’d ?
“ Or did you only nurse my growing love,
“ That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?
“ Sure guilty treachery no place could find
“ In such a gentle, such a generous mind :
“ A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
“ Could ne’er have learnt the art of courts so young :
“ No ; let me rather think her anger feign’d,
“ Still let me hope my Delia may be gain’d ;

“ ’Twas only modesty that seem’d disdain,
“ And her heart suffer’d when she gave me pain.”

Pleas’d with this flattering thought, the love-
sick boy

Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ;
Back to his flock more chearful he return’d,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn’d,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light’s last blushes ting’d the distant hills.

H O P E.

E C L O G U E II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shep-
 herds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds :
 From Love alone their melody proceeds.
 From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Dorick strains.
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustick pipe in pleasing concert join *.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses, which have never been published.

“ Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
“ When first I own’d my Delia’s gentle power ;
“ Then gloomy discontent and pining care
“ Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;
“ Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
“ Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
“ Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
“ These eyes first gaz’d upon the charming maid ;
“ There she appear’d, on that auspicious day,
“ When swains their sportives rites to Bacchus pay :
“ She led the dance—heavens ! with what grace
“ she mov’d !

“ Who could have seen her then, and not have
“ lov’d ?

“ I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
“ But gloried in a happy captive’s name ;
“ Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
“ But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

“ And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy ?
“ Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy ?
“ Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store ?
“ Or hast thou never prov’d his fatal power ?
“ Whence flow’d those tears that late bedew’d
“ thy cheek ?

“ Why sigh’d thy heart as if it strove to break ?

“ Why were the desert rocks invok’d to hear
 “ The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 “ From Delia’s rigour all those pains arose,
 “ Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 “ Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
 “ Has peace and transport to my soul restor’d.

“ Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 “ A kiss from Delia shall thy musick pay;
 “ A kiss obtain’d ’twixt struggling and consent,
 “ Given with forc’d anger, and disguis’d content.
 “ No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 “ Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows:
 “ Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 “ I from her lips my recompence require.

“ Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 “ Light gales have chas’d the late impending
 “ shower;
 “ Th’emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 “ Oppos’d, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 “ Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
 “ The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 “ Come forth, my love, thy shepherd’s joys to
 “ crown;
 “ All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?

“ Hark

“ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 “ While every flower of every sweet they drain :
 “ See, how beneath yon hillock’s shady steep,
 “ The shelter’d herds on flowery couches sleep :
 “ Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 “ If with my fond desires my love comply ;
 “ From Delia’s lips a sweeter honey flows,
 “ And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

“ Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
 “ What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
 “ A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,
 “ Whose yellow plumage shines like polish’d gold ;
 “ From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 “ And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
 “ In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 “ Not even the nightingale’s melodious throat.
 “ Accept of this ; and could I add beside
 “ What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
 “ If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
 “ On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
 “ But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 “ Phœbus himself shall leave th’ Aonian grove ;
 “ The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 “ Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
 “ swain.

“ For

“ For him each blue-ey’d Naiad of the flood,
“ For him each green-hair’d sister of the wood,
“ Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia’s gentle ray
“ His musick calls to dance the night away.
“ And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
“ With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
“ I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
“ And let her often hear her shepherd’s name :
“ Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
“ And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
“ My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
“ And every friend shall claim a different lay.

“ But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
“ Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
“ Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;
“ Adieu, my pipe ; I go my love to meet—
“ O, may I find her as we parted last,
“ And may each future hour be like the past !
“ So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
“ Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.”

J E A L O U S Y.

E C L O G U E III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by
fear:

Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle Love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantick mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)

Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
 Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
 Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands;
 Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
 So charming was the scene, a while the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
 But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
 With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
 His flowery wreath, which long with pride he

“ wore,

The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
 Then cried, “ May all thy charms, ungrateful

“ maid,

“ Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!

“ May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,

“ That triumphs now in that deluding face!

“ Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly;

“ And even thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

“ Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,

“ To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?

“ Tell

“ Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
“ Against whose power no ties have strength to
“ bind?
“ Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
“ To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
“ Has he with transport every smile ador’d,
“ And died with grief at each ungente word?
“ Ah, no! the conquest was obtain’d with ease;
“ He pleas’d you, by not studying to please:
“ His careless indolence your pride alarm’d;
“ And, had he lov’d you more, he less had
“ charm’d.

“ O pain to think! another shall possess
“ Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
“ Another on her panting breast shall lie,
“ And catch sweet madness from her swimming
“ eye!—
“ I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
“ I saw them hand in hand walk o’er the mead:
“ Would my clos’d eye had sunk in endless night,
“ Ere I was doom’d to bear that hateful sight!
“ Where-e’er they pass’d, be blasted every flower,
“ And hungry wolves their helpless flocks de-
“ vor!—
“ Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
“ Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?

- “ Haft thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
 “ A victim to Parthenia’s fatal pride?
 “ Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 “ Lov’d by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov’d, in vain:
 “ Around his tomb their tears the Mufes paid;
 “ And all things mourn’d, but the relentless maid.
 “ Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
 “ Thefe torments in the quiet grave would ceafe;
 “ There my vex’d thoughts a calm repose would
 “ find,
 “ And reft, as if my Delia ftill were kind.
 “ No, let me live, her falfehood to upbraid:
 “ Some god perhaps my juft revenge will aid.—
 “ Alas! what aid, fond fwain, would’ft thou re-
 “ ceive?
 “ Could thy heart bear to fee its Delia grieve?
 “ Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
 “ The flighteft part of haplefs Damon’s woe:
 “ I afk no vengeance from the powers above;
 “ All I implore is never more to love.—
 “ Let me this fondnefs from my bofom tear,
 “ Let me forget that e’er I thought her fair.
 “ Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaft;
 “ Wearied, at length, I feek thy downy reft:

* See Mr. Gay’s Dione.

- “ No turbulence of passion shall destroy
“ My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
“ Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye sylvens, hear,
“ What, by your guardian deities, I swear;
“ No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
“ No more I'll court the traitorefs to my arms;
“ Not all her arts my fteddy foul shall move,
“ And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!”—

Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn
below

Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)!
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

P O S S E S S I O N.

E C L O G U E IV.

To Lord C O B H A M.

C O B H A M, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgement gives me skill to
 sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
 plains:
 Yet shall its musick please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once
 were dear;
 Recall those years which Time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night.
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;

And,

And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustick altar stood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid :

“ Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd
“ shrine

“ My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,

“ While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,

“ Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove !

“ And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !

“ Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,

“ Since Delia now can all its warmth return,

“ As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

“ O the dear gloom of last propitious night !
 “ O shade more charming than the fairest light !
 “ Then in my arms I clasp’d the melting maid,
 “ Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;
 “ Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov’d,
 “ Which none can taste but who like me have
 “ lov’d.
 “ Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida’s grove,
 “ Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd’s love ;
 “ With him, while frisking lambs around you
 “ play’d
 “ Conceal’d you sported in the secret shade :
 “ Scarce could Anchises’ raptures equal mine,
 “ And Delia’s beauties only yield to thine.

“ What are you now, my once most valued joys ?
 “ Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
 “ Friendship itself ne’er knew a charm like this,
 “ Nor Colin’s talk could please like Delia’s kisses.

“ Ye Muses, skill’d in every winning art,
 “ Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;
 “ Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 “ And crown her with the pride of all the spring :
 “ On

“ On all her days let health and peace attend ;
“ May she ne’er want, nor ever lose, a friend !
“ May some new pleasure every hour employ :
“ But let her Damon be her highest joy !

“ With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
“ All night carest thee, and admire all day ;
“ In the same field our mingled flocks we’ll feed,
“ To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
“ Together will we share the harvest toils,
“ Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.
“ Delightful state, where peace and love combine,
“ To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !
“ Here limpid fountains roll through flowery
 “ meads,
“ Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;
“ Here let me wear my careless life away,
“ And in thy arms insensibly decay.

“ When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,
“ And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
“ When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
“ And only Damon’s eye shall think thee fair ;
“ Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
“ At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath !

- “ May we beneath one common stone be laid,
“ And the same cypress both our ashes shade !
“ Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
“ Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse ;
“ And future ages, with just envy mov’d,
“ Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.”

S O L I L O Q U Y
O F
A B E A U T Y
I N
T H E C O U N T R Y.

Written at EATON School.

'T WAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair:
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can
“ boast,
“ If all in envious solitude are lost?
“ Where

- “ Where none admire, ’tis ufelefs to excell ;
“ Where none are beaux, ’tis vain to be a belle :
“ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be fhewn ;
“ Both moft are valued, where they beft are
 “ known.
- “ With every grace of nature or of art,
“ We cannot break one ftubborn country heart :
“ The brutes, infenfible, our power defy :
“ To love, exceeds a ’fquire’s capacity.
“ The town, the court, is Beauty’s proper fphere ;
“ That is our Heaven, and we are angels there :
“ In that gay circle thoufand Cupids rove,
“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
“ How has my confcious heart with triumph
 “ glow’d,
“ How have my fparkling eyes their tranfport
 “ fhew’d,
“ At each diftinguifh’d birth-night ball, to fee
“ The homage, due to Empire, paid to me !
“ When every eye was fix’d on me alone,
“ And dreaded mine more than the Monarch’s
 “ frown ;
“ When rival ftatesmen for my favour ftrove,
“ Lefs jealous in their power than in their love.
“ Chang’d is the fcene ; and all my glories die,
“ Like flowers tranfplanted to a colder fky :
 “ Loft

- “ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 “ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 “ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 “ Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
 “ Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
 “ Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all
 “ day ;
 “ Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
 “ For dullness ever must be regular.
 “ Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
 “ Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;
 “ Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 “ Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
 “ From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
 “ And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !—
 “ Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?
 “ Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 “ These fingers, at whose touch e’en age would
 “ glow,
 “ Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
 “ Sure erring Nature never could design
 “ To form a housewife in a mould like mine ?
 “ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 “ Attend propitious to thy votary’s prayer :
 “ Let me revisit the dear town again :
 “ Let me be seen !—could I that wish obtain,
 “ All other wishes my own power would gain.” }

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the University of OXFORD,

In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first
taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song

Paint

Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand ; Britain, who sent him
forth

Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame :
A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed !
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncanceled debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers ; ingrate, to thee
A mo-

A monument of shame ! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day ? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite ; and know,
 Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave ; and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams : here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain ; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition ; equal both
 In valour and in fortune : but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought ;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks

The

The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantick wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excell.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucient in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal

Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent
Heaven

Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
There, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore

Tore from thy comfort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love ;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon ærial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestick, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeching ill
A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
repaid

B L E N H E I M.

His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That,

That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue ; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations fav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

TO THE REVEREND

Dr. A Y S C O U G H, at OXFORD,

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away!
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
 At once exalts and polishes the mind?
 How different from our modern guilty art,
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
 How the same hands that tyrants durst controul
 Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
 Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;
Yet

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption fold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutorefs of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;

So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage ;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
guide. }

O generous warmth ! O sanctity divine !
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine :
Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;
Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown ;
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state :
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
The priest, who plagues the world can never
mend :

No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain ;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth ;

* Dr. Hough. See Vol. I. p. 309.

By foreign arts domestick faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppressed)
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.

Here Moliere, gift of comick wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
 By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroick thoughts, with Shakespeare's force and fire!
 Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
 Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style ambition GREAT*.
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew†;
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡:

* The Victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kifs, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruffel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see;
And tells me, These, like England, once were free!

T O

Mr. P O Y N T Z,

Ambassâdor at the Congress of Soissons, in 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and
pride,

Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;

Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,

Is but a larger power of being good ;

Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,

Does not thy secret soul desire retreat ?

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)

Thy busy life at length might be thy own ;

That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,

No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?

Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,

To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,

Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,

And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay ;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure publick virtue bears ;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head ;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ;
And round the bower, where humbly great he
 lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand ;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring ;

Then,

Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness :
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow
roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell ;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled
breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening
fires ;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free ;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire ;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly
charm ;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire ;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known !
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
“ With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
“ Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
“ Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :
“ Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share ;
“ Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;

“ Her

- “ Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
“ And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
“ Till charm’d you own the truth my verse would
 “ prove,
“ That happiness is near allied to love.”

V E R S E S

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER

A P I C T U R E

O F

M R. P O Y N T Z.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall
find

A hand, or colours, to exprefs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wife without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;

That,

96 FOR MR. POYNTZ'S PICTURE.

That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to
know

What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

M R. P O P E.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard ! for whom each Muse
 has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove ;
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit ;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty !
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate :
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was
 rais'd,

And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
 Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

“ Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 “ These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 “ When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 “ To Pope this message from his master bear:

“ Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 “ To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 “ If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
 “ Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

" No more let meaner fatire dim the rays
 " That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
 " In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
 " But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 " Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 " Address the least attractive of the Nine.

" Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 " A lasting column to thy country's praise ;
 " To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 " That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 " Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
 " And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
 " Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 " Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
 " Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 " With different bays by Mars and Phœbus
 " crown'd ;
 " Dauntless opposers of tyrannick sway,
 " But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

" If these commands submissive thou receive,
 " Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
 " Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;
 " And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 " Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 " And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

T O

L O R D H E R V E Y.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
 Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful
 Nine,

Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions
flow,

Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Russia's snow ?
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure,
What from unthinking folly we endure ?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
In generous love of others good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious
fear :

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly fought ;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy :
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire ;

But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

A D V I C E

T O

A L A D Y. 1731.

THE counfels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women feldom learn from men.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
 What female vanity might fear to know:
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
 But greater yours, fincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your fex attends;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends:
 All who approach them their own ends purfue;
 Lovers and minifters are feldom true.
 Hence oft from Reason heedlefs Beauty ftrays,
 And the moft trusted guide the moft betrays:
 Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
 When moft you tyrannize, you're moft abus'd.

What

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
 For this, the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule :
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
 How few with all their pride of form can move !
 How few are lovely, that are made for love !
 Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
 Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
 And half of those who have it are undone,

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
 Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from publick sight,
 Domestick worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's talk resign:
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution chuse ; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless ;
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power :
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possesseth,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most :
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to rage,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But,

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown :
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
 And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 Does but encrease the anguish of their grief :
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
 Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
 Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
 Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife* ;
 A maid so wedded is *a whore for life*.

NO ADVICE TO A LADY.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring
Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The *Graces* might alone his heart allure;
They and the *Virtues* meeting must secure.

Let e'en your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestick duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.

The

ADVICE TO A LADY. III

The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but hers can hear,
 No other wit but hers approve:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me:
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love :

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this ;
No more to let us join :
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

D A M O N and D E L I A.

IN I M I T A T I O N O F

H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

Written in the Year 1732.

D A M O N.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
 What means this cloud upon your brow?
 Have I offended? Tell me how!—
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stolen a part;
 Reason these fears may disapprove:
 But yet I fear, because I love.

D E L I A.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And every trifling beauty rais'd,

A

As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me ?
Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

D A M O N.

Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd ;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

D E L I A.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less ;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made ;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

D A M O N.

Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just ;
Reason this faith may disapprove ;
But I believe, because I love.

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF

P A S T O R F I D O.

(*O primavera gioventu del anno.*)

Written Abroad in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay de-
fires,

Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the
green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance
bear;
Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V.

Chearless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

P A R T S O F
AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,

Translated, 1729-30.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I'll waste the wintery hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care;
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With

With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat;
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let Great Meffalla shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useleſs pride,
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
 Though murmuring rills invite him to reſoſe.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could
 leave

For all the honours proſperous war can give;
 Though through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread
 his fame,

And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
 Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him
 bleed,

With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.
 No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my faltering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
 Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
 But ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
 Thy heaving breſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
 Wound not thy form; leſt on th' Elyſian coaſt
 Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful gholt.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy :
We'll live, my Delia ; and from life remove
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give ;
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which Pity and Esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

V E R S E S,

V E R S E S,

Written at Mr. POPE's House at Twickenham,
which he had lent to Mrs. G——lle.

In August, 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side:

II.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song^e
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous G——lle's sake,
The Muses here remain ;
G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest
fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

T O

Mr. W E S T, at Wickham.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy mind.
 To both, from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and Love.

T O

T O

M I S S L U C Y F——.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
 I sung my amorous strains:
 No serious love my bosom fir'd;
 Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
 The idly-mournful tale beleiv'd,
 And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aonian choir
 Can accents soft enough inspire,
 Its real flamè to tell.

To the Same;

WITH

H A M M O N D's

E L E G I E S.

ALL that of Love can be express'd,
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

To the Same.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than flow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
 Another day or year to live ;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh ! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh ! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

To the Same.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd :

II.

In every word a magick spell I found
 Of power to charm each busy thought to rest,
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses every sorrow at the sight ;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight,

IV.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
 A painful witness of reproach to thee;
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER

TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious
take.

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone ;
 No other wish, nor other object knows ;
 Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose !

IV.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door :
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

To the Same.

On her pleading WANT of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
 E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

III.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
 In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath th' accusom'd lyme :
 She would have fondly met him there,
 And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

III.

“ It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 “ You acted once,” (the shepherd said)
 “ When love was in its prime :”
 She griev’d to hear him thus complain ;
 And would have writ, to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?
 No crime of mine has chang’d your heart,
 If love be not a crime.—
 We soon must part for months, for years—
 She would have answer’d with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

To the Same.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still
the same,

Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can
move,
Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you
 no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before :
 I say to my heart, “ Be at rest, and believe
 “ That whom once she has chosen she never will
 “ leave.”

II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face ;
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
 love ;
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the
 same.

To

To the Same;

With a NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely
eyes

Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies ;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy !
But when the cares that interrupt our blifs
To me not always will thy sight allow ;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

A N

IRREGULAR ODE.

Written at Wickham in 1746.

To the Same.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
 What is the charm that each successive year,
 Which fees me with my Lucy here,
 Can thus to my transported heart
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
 From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?

Her

142 TO MISS LUCY F——.

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming flore
Of rural blifs, was here before :
Oft have I met her on the verdant fide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No fweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love thefe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving fun
His annual circle through the zodiac run ;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beftow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower,

IV.

Here firft my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms ;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalián boy

Shook

Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires

Of innocent desires,

While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.

Whence then this strange encrease of joy

He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,

(If such another happy man there be)

Has by his own experience tried

How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

T O

T H E M E M O R Y

O F

T H E S A M E L A D Y.

A M O N O D Y.

A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,

I now

I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:

The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose musick could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample
 bound

No

No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear reliicks lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast !
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Were female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the publick eye :
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly :
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
— The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful Fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of
 truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 woe,

And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to
 save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, "Aonian
 maids,

Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For

For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on ^a Mincio's bank
 Befet with ofiers dank,
 Nor where ^b Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep ^c Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where ^d Meles or ^e Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

^a The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of VIRGIL.

^b The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of PROPERTIUS.

^c The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where HORACE had a villa.

^d The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called *Melissigenes*.

^e The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastick toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
 Rome;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallick fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now con-
 sign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,

And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.

Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
tomb:

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetick lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness;

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light

All pleasing thone ; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen.
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
 A sudden blast from Apeninnus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows:
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
 and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine,
In thy domestick care
She never bore a share,

Nor

Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain :
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live ?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unthaw'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

XVII.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:

Still

Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabrick Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will
 obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how flight,

Is every mortal bliss;

E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,

Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.

Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.

There Death'himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you
more.

V E R S E S,

M A K I N G

P A R T O F A N E P I T A P H,

On the same L A D Y.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all
eyes;

Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,
wife;

Polite, as all her life in courts had been;

Yet good, as she the world had never seen;

The noble fire of an exalted mind,

With gentle female tenderness combin'd.

Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,

Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;

Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,

Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;

Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,

Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

H O R A C E.

H O R A C E.

Book IV. Ode iv.

(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

Written at Oxford, 1725^a.

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful ^b assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

^a First printed in Mr. WEST's translation of PINDAR.

^b In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe ;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight :
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the fight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire :
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punick blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning
light.

XI.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy ;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power ;
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
 wield,
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 “ Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 “ Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 “ Whom to elude and 'scape were victory ;

XIV.

“ A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 “ Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 “ Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 “ Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore :

ODE FROM HORACE.

XV.

- “ As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
“ Whose spreading boughs the axe’s sharpness
“ feel,
“ Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
“ Draws health and vigour from the wounding
“ steel.

XVI.

- “ Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
“ So tir’d the baffled force of Hercules ;
“ Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
“ Pregnant of ills, and fam’d for prodigies.

XVII.

- “ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
“ Brighter she rises from the depths below :
“ To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
“ Recruits her strength, and foils the wonder-
“ ing foe.

XVIII.

XVIII.

- “ No more of victory the joyful fame
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
 “ Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !

XIX.

- “ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
 “ Which Power Divine guards with propitious
 “ care,
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dan-
 “ gerous storm,
 “ Through all the rocks and shoals of doubt-
 “ ful war?”

V I R T U E A N D F A M E .

T O T H E

C O U N T E S S O F E G R E M O N T ,

V I R T U E and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way;
 Said Virtue, " Hark ye ! madam Fame,
 " Your ladyship is much to blame;
 " Jove bids you always wait on me,
 " And yet your face I feldom see:
 " The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 " And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
 " Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
 " Ambition ties you to her car."

Saith Fame, " Dear madam, I protest,
 " I never find myself so blest
 " As when I humbly wait behind you !
 " But 'tis so mighty hard to find you !

" In

“ In such obscure retreats you lurk !

“ To seek you, is an endless work.”

“ Well,” answer’d Virtue, “ I allow

“ Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.

“ I know (without offence to others)

“ I know the best of wives and mothers ;

“ Who never pass’d an useless day

“ In scandal, gossiping, or play :

“ Whose modest wit, chastis’d by sense,

“ Is lively chearful innocence ;

“ Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,

“ Whose duty is her sole delight ;

“ Nor rul’d by whim, nor slave to fashion,

“ Her parents’ joy, her husband’s passion.”

Fame smil’d, and answer’d, “ On my life,

“ This is some country parson’s wife,

“ Who never saw the court nor town,

“ Whose face is homely as her gown ;

“ Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—”

“ No, madam, no—you’re much mistaken—

“ I beg you’ll let me set you right—

“ ’Tis one with every beauty bright ;

- “ Adorn’d with every polish’d art
“ That rank or fortune can impart ;
“ ’Tis the most celebrated toast
“ That Britain’s spacious isle can boast ;
“ ’Tis princely Petworth’s noble dame ;
“ ’Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame,”

A D D I T I O N,

E X T E M P O R E,

B Y

E A R L H A R D W I C K E.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
“ First on my roll stands Wyndham’s bride;
“ My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d, to sound
“ Her modest praise the world around;
“ But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
“ A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
“ Believe me, I can name but one,
“ A friend of yours—’tis Lyttelton.”

L E T T E R

L E T T E R
 T O
 E A R L H A R D W I C K E;
 O C C A S I O N E D B Y
 T H E F O R E G O I N G V E R S E S.

M Y L O R D,

A Thoufand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before. }

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
 With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
 The Muſe, who, in my youthful days,
 Had oft inspir'd my careleſs lays.
 She ſmil'd, and ſaid, " Once more I ſee
 " My fugitive returns to me ;
 " Long

“ Long had I lost you from my bower,
“ You scorn’d to own my gentle power;
“ With me no more your genius sported,
“ The grave Historick Muse you courted;
“ Or, rais’d from earth, with straining eyes,
“ Pursued Urania through the skies;
“ But now, to my forsaken track,
“ Fair Egremont has brought you back:
“ Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
“ That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
“ For there, beneath to-morrow’s ray,
“ E’en Wisdom’s self shall deign to play.
“ Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
“ Her favourite son the goddess brings,
“ The council’s and the senate’s guide,
“ Law’s oracle, the nation’s pride:
“ He comes, he joys with thee to join,
“ In singing Wyndham’s charms divine:
“ To thine he adds his nobler lays;
“ E’en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
“ Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
“ His fame with burgeses or with cit;
“ For sure one line from such a bard,
“ Virtue would think her best reward.”

O N R E A D I N G

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

I N M A N U S C R I P T.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wonder-
ing ear

Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphick voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
Chauntrefs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,

TO MISS CARTER.

173

Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poets, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes;

“ That place is mine,” great Neptune cries :
 “ Behold ! how proud o’er all the main
 “ Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 “ No views so grand on earth you see !
 “ The master too belongs to me :
 “ I grant him my domain to share,
 “ I bid his hand my trident bear.”

“ The sea is yours, but mine the land,”
 Pallas replies ; “ by me were plann’d
 “ Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 “ That fort, which crowns those island rocks :
 “ The lady too is of my choir,
 “ I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 “ With every charm her mind I grac’d,
 “ I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.”

“ Hold, madam,” interrupted Venus,
 “ The lady must be shar’d between us :

“ And surely mine is yonder grove,
 “ So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
 “ Trees, such as in th’ Idalian glade,
 “ Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.”

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
 Each Nymph alledg’d her lawful claim.

But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:
 “ Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 “ That dwelling his or hers may call;
 “ I made Mount Edgcumbe for you all.”

I N V I T A T I O N.

T O

T H E D O W A G E R D U C H E S S

D ' A I G U I L L O N.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disfarms
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Harvey's heart.

To

COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore

Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
 Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful
 string.

Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
 By pride unfullied, genuine dignity;
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn:
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

O N

G O O D H U M O U R.

Written at Eaton School, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please;
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
 Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magick power can make e'en folly please,
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens every charm in Cœlia's face.

S O M E

A D D I T I O N A L S T A N Z A S

T O

A S T O L F O's
V O Y A G E T O T H E M O O N,
I N A R I O S T O.

I.

W H E N now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles
lay.

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

- “ A wondrous thing it is,” the Saint replied,
 “ Yet undefin’d by any mortal wight ;
 “ An airy effence, not to be descried,
 “ Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is
 “ hight.

IV.

- “ From earth each day in troops they hither come,
 “ And fill each hole and corner of the Moon ;
 “ For they are never easy while at home,
 “ Nor ever owner thought them gone too
 “ soon.

V.

- “ When here arriv’d, they are in bottles pent,
 “ For fear they should evaporate again ;
 “ And hard it is a prison to invent,
 “ So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

- “ Those that to young and wanton girls belong
 “ Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they’d burst
 “ the glafs :

“ But those that have below been kept too long
 “ Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!”

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read ;
 For various secrets there were brought to light ;
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
 In t' other world, he found above the sky ;
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
 Which made him swear, though good St.
 John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress
 dear:
 “ Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!” he cried,
 “ Little I deem'd that I should meet thee
 “ here.

X.

X.

- “ Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
“ Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
“ Scarce of our absence three short months are
“ past,
“ And thou already from thy post art flown.

XI.

- “ Be not enrag’d, replied th’ Apostle kind—
“ Since that this Maidenhead is thine by
“ right,
“ Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
“ Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight.”

XII.

- “ Thanks, Holy Father!” quoth the joyous
Knight,
“ The Moon shall be no loser by your grace :
“ Let me but have the use on’t for a night,
“ And I’ll restore it to its present place.”

T O

A Y O U N G L A D Y.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

V E N I C E P R E S E R V E D.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve. . .

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,

In

In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* “ Hence may we learn, what passion fain
“ would hide,
“ That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.
“ Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
“ If angry Fortune on their union frown:
“ Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,
“ And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
“ Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
“ With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;
“ And that fond love, which should afford relief,
“ Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
“ While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
“ Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.”

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 105; but, as Lord Lytton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour !
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture blefs each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine fome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whofe blifs Misfortune never may allay,
Whofe fondnefs never may through care decay ;
Whofe wealth may place you in the faireft light,
And force each modest beauty into fight !
So fhall no anxious want your peace deftroy,
No tempeft crush the tender buds of joy ;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever difagree with Love !

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless
love,

And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,

Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase

The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?

Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,

To place some meaner idol in her shrine?

O task, for feeble Reason too severe!

O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!

Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,

They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?

Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming
sound

Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;

Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,

Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,

Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,

'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

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I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R

A B U S T

O F

L A D Y S U F F O L K ;

Designed to be set up in a Wood at Stowe.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

• •

S U L-

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S U L P I C I A

T O

C E R I N T H U S,

I N H E R S I C K N E S S.

F R O M T I B U L L U S.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

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S U L P I C I A

T O

C E R I N T H U S.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit ;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat :
Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love fees the low hypocrisy with shame ;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine :
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide ;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

• •
C A T O's

C A T O ' s S P E E C H

T O

L A B I E N U S.

In the Ninth Book of L U C A N.

(*Quid queri, Labiene, jubes, &c.*)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
Of horned Jove's prophetick shrine en-
quire?

Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:

Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of th' Almighty will ;
This is his voice, be this our oracle. }
When first his braath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, you azure pole ;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair ;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told ; he needs not tell us more.

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T O

M R. G L O V E R ;

O N H I S

P O E M O F L E O N I D A S *.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due ;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm ;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days :
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire ;

* See Vol. I. p. 395.

VOL. III.

O

Nurs'd

Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end :
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides ;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers publick wrongs, and publick shame,
In council insolent, in action tame !
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great ?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harrafs'd poor to spare ?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire ?

Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power re-
strain?

Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouze, Britons, rouze! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have retch'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,

Accept this friendly praise ; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of publick love ;
Though not like thee I strike the founding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

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T O

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

O N H I S

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for
fame,

Far, far superior to a Cornet's name ;

This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.

The fervile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bad thee lead the patriot band.

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P R O L O G U E

T O

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

S P O K E N B Y

M R. Q U I N.

I Come not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead,
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)

PROLOGUE TO CORIOLANUS. 199

He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know :
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender
 woe :

Oft, in this crouded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws ;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught
 lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,

200 PROLOGUE TO CORIOLANUS.

With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from him receive;
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

E P I L O G U E

T O

L I L L O ' s E L M E R I C K .

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit, }
 In judgement here, unaw'd, unbias'd, fit, }
 The *palatines* and guardians of the pit ;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no generous warmth convey ;
 If *fylian* here, through each unnatural scene,
 In *strain'd conceits sound high*, and *nothing mean* ;
 If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call ;
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall*.
 But if simplicity, with force and fire,
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire ;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great ;
 If master-strokes the nobler passions move :
 Then, like the *king*, *acquit us*, and *approve*.

L E T T E R S

L E T T E R S

T O

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON,

From the Year 1728, to the Year 1747.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

T O

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON:



L E T T E R I.

To Sir THOMAS LYTTTELTON, at Hagley.

D E A R S I R,

London, Feb. 4, 1728.

I AM mighty glad you have made choice of so agreeable a place as Lorrain to send me to. I shall be impatient to hear that you have got a servant for me, that my stay here may be the shorter: in the mean while, you may be sure, I shall not neglect to make the best use of my time.

I am proud that the D—— approves my verses; for her judgement does great honour to those that please her. The subject is Blenheim-castle: I would have sent you a copy of them, but have not yet had time to transcribe them; you shall therefore receive them enclosed in my next letter.

The

The news you tell me of — does not a little please me: whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has been always checked, by observing you had not that esteem for him as I could wish you might have for all my friends: but I hope he will deserve it better every day, and confirm himself in my good opinion by gaining yours.

I am glad that you are pleased with my Persian Letters, and criticism upon Voltaire; but, with submission to your judgement, I do not see how what I have said of Milton can destroy all poetical licence. That term indeed has been so much abused, and the liberty it allows has been pleaded in defence of such extravagant fictions, that one would almost wish there were no such words. But yet this is no reason why good authors may not raise and animate their works with flights and sallies of imagination, provided they are cautious of restraining them within the bounds of justness and propriety; for nothing can license a poet to offend against Truth and Reason, which are as much the rules of the sublime as less exalted poetry. We meet with a thousand instances of the true nobleness of thought in Milton, where the liberty you contend for is made use of, and yet nature very strictly observed. It would

would be endless to point out the beauties of this kind in the Paradise Lost, where the boldness of his genius appears without shocking us with the least impropriety: we are surprized, we are warmed, we are transported; but we are not hurried out of our senses, or forced to believe impossibilities. The sixth book is, I fear, in many places, an exception to this rule; the *poetica licentia* is stretched too far, and *the just* is sacrificed to *the wonderful*; (you will pardon me, if I talk too much in the language of the schools.) To set this point in a clearer light, let us compare the fiction in *los Lusíados* of the giant that appears to the Portuguese, and the battle of the angels in Milton. The storms, the thunders, and the lightnings, that hang about him, are proper and natural to that mountain he represents; we are pleased with seeing him thus armed, because there is nothing in the description that is not founded upon truth: but how do swords, and coats of mail, and cannons, agree with angels? Such a fiction can never be beautiful, because it wants probability to support it. We can easily imagine the Cape, extending its arms over the sea, and guarding it from invaders; the tempests that mariners always meet with upon that coast, render such a supposition very just; but with what grounds of reason can we suppose, that the angels, to defend the throne

throne of God, threw mountains upon the heads of the rebel army?

“ Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
 “ *Numen eget.*”

The liberty in one fable is restrained to nature and good sense; in the other, it is wild and unbounded, so as frequently to lose sight of both — Pardon the freedom I have taken, to contradict your opinion, and defend my own; for I shall be very ready to give it up to you, if after this you continue to think me in the wrong. It is prudent to argue with those who have such regard to our judgement as to correct it.

You ended a letter of good news very ill, in telling me that you had got the headache; I can have but very little pleasure in any thing, though it be ever so agreeable, when I know that you are ill. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T T E R II.

DEAR SIR,

Calais, April 27.

BEHOLD the promised poem !

PARENT of arts, &c.*

I cannot recollect the tenderness you shewed to me at parting, without the warmest sentiments of gratitude and duty to you. In reply to our long discourse, I only beg leave to say, that there is a certain degree of folly excusable in youth, which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I desire no pardon.

I hope my dear mother has dried her tears : my duty to her. I will write to you both when I come to Luneville. I am

Your very dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

* Already printed in p. 76, &c. of this volume.

LETTERS TO

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

Luneville, May 13.

THE inclosed is in answer to Sir Robert Walpole from Monsieur le Prince de Craon, who has shewn me all the favour and civility that I might expect from so powerful a recommendation. The duke himself was pleased to tell me, that he would endeavour to render my stay here as agreeable to me as possible. You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter; and do justice to Prince Craon, who has expressed his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot enough acknowledge. I hope every thing goes on to your satisfaction in the affair I left you engaged in. It will be the greatest happiness to me, to hear that you are pleased and in good health. I am, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

To

“ TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

“ MONSIEUR,

Luneville, May 13.

“ J’ai reçu par Monsieur Lyttelton la lettre
“ dont vous m’honorez. Je tâcheray de ré-
“ pondre à ce que vous souhaitez de moi, en
“ lui procurant ici, auprès de son Altesse
“ Royale, les agrémens dûs à sa naissance
“ et à votre recommandation; et je m’en
“ report au fidèle compte, qu’il vous en ren-
“ dra. Rien n’est plus flatteur pour moi,
“ Monsieur, que le souvenir de Milord Wal-
“ pole. Je n’ay perdu aucune occasion de
“ me renouveler dans ses bonnes grâces de-
“ puis son retour en Angleterre; et j’ay chargé
“ tous mes amis qui y ont passé de me mé-
“ nager une amitié qui m’est si précieuse.
“ Accordez la vôtre, Monsieur, au desir que
“ j’ay de la mériter, et à l’attachement avec le
“ quel j’ai l’honneur d’être,

“ Votre très-humble

“ et très obéissant serviteur,

“ Le Prince CRAON.”

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

Luneville, June 3, 1723.

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M—! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. — upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband: to be sure, she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a lady is past three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial, and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how
many

many saints in the Romish Calendar, and how many miracles to each saint; and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious travellers must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay, I did not so much as take an inventory of the reliicks in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her a particular of what rarities I have seen: but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, rarée-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son, &c.

G. L.

LETTERS TO

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

Luneville, July 21.

I Thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs: but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of quadrille has possessed the land from morning till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in town.

This court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgement at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on
the

the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English, who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord —— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the duke and prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy: I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and the continue well. I am, Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

Luncville, August 18.

I Wrote to you last post, and have since received yours of the 20th. Your complaints pierce my heart. Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement put you to any degree of inconvenience! and perhaps, after all, I may return, and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness, that I am ready to wish you would recal me, and save the charge of travelling: but, no; the world would judge perversely, and blame you for it: I must go on, and you must support me like your son.

I have observed with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your chearfulness of mind impaired. My heart has ached within me, when I have seen you giving yourself up to a melancholy diffidence, which makes you fear the worst in every thing, and seldom indulge those pleasing hopes which support and nourish us. O my dear Sir, how happy shall I be, if I am able to restore you to your former gaiety! People that knew you some years ago say, that you was the most chearful man alive. How much beyond the possession of any mistress will be the pleasure I shall experience, if, by marrying well, I can make you such once more!

more! This is my wish, my ambition, the prayer I make to heaven as often as I think on my future life. But, alas! I hope for it in vain, if you suffer your cares and inquietudes to destroy your health: what will avail my good intentions, if they are frustrated by your death? You will leave this world without ever knowing whether the promises of your son were the language of a grateful heart, or the lying protestations of a hypocrite: God in heaven forbid it should be so! May he preserve your health, and prolong your days, to receive a thousand proofs of the lasting love and duty of the most obliged of children! We are all bound to you, Sir; and will, I trust, repay it in love and honour of you. Let this support and comfort you, that you are the father of ten children, among whom there seems to be but one soul of love and obedience to you. This is a solid, real good, which you will feel and enjoy when other pleasures have lost their taste: your heart will be warmed by it in old age, and you will find yourself richer in these treasures than in the possession of all you have spent upon us. I talk, Sir, from the fullness of my heart; and it is not the style of a dissembler. Do not, my dear Sir, suffer melancholy to gain too far upon you: think less of those circumstances which disquiet you, and rejoice in the many others which ought to gladden you: consider the reputation you
have

have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity, so uncommon in this age! Imagine that your posterity will look upon it as the noblest fortune you can leave them, and that your childrens children will be incited to virtue by your example. I don't know, Sir, whether you feel this; I am sure I do, and glory in it. Are you not happy in my dear mother? was ever wife so virtuous, so dutiful, so fond? There is no satisfaction beyond this, and I know you have a perfect sense of it. All these advantages, well weighed, will make your misfortunes light; and, I hope, the pleasure arising from them will dispel that cloud which hangs upon you and sinks your spirits. I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR,

Luneville, Sept. 18.

I Thank you for giving me leave to go to Soissons; it is true, I have a great mind to the journey; and, as to my health, I have always found, that whatever pleases me does me good. You will laugh at the regimen; but I appeal to Miss P—, whether the sight of Stowe-gardens had not a better effect upon her than all the drugs in Burgefs's shop. My spirits were very low when I wrote you my last letter, and I had not judgement enough then to consider that the way to relieve your melancholy was to appear chearful myself. However, I beg you to believe that what I said was the language of my heart, though it needed not have been said with so much warmth. I most sincerely love you, and cannot help being deeply affected at your least complaint. But do not let this deprive me of your confidence; for I have no greater pleasure in life than seeing myself honoured with it.

I am frightened at the sickness in Worcestershire. Pray God preserve you and your whole family! Such is the prayer of, dear Sir,

Your dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

LETTER VIII.

Soissons, Oct. 28.

I Thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations, as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reasons for disliking Luneville was the multitude of English there, who most of them were such worthless fellows, that they were a dishonour to the name and nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time.

You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but, *malgre moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company; so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my sentiments in this particular are the surest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary

editary aversion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the colonel was there, to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep strict guard over the cardinal, for fear the German ministers should take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself.

Ripperda's escape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this business, it is impossible that the good work of peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and wish he may bring matters to a war: for they make but ill ministers at a congress, but would make good foldiers in a campaign.

No news from — and her beloved husband; their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last: they will soon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggars Opera. Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet! but married love and English musick are too domestick to continue long in favour.

My

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad she has no complaint. You say nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and sisters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handsome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I shall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR,

Soissons, Nov. 20.

THIS is one of the agreeablest towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers. We are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more French since I came here, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth at Lorrain. The desire of a further progress and improvement in that tongue, has led me into some thoughts relating to the continuation of my travels, which I beg leave to lay before you.

If you send me to Italy next spring, as you once designed to do, one great inconvenience will arise, viz. that, before I am perfect in speaking French, I must apply myself to Italian, from which it may probably come to pass that I shall not know much of either. I should, therefore, think it more for my advantage, to make the tour of France before I set out for Italy, than after I come back.

There is another reason, which at least will weigh with my dear mother; that is, that, after the month of May, when the violent heats begin, Rome (where it will be necessary to settle first, upon account of the purity of the language, which is spoke corruptly in other places) is so unwholesome as

to endanger the life of any foreigner unaccustomed to that air; and therefore most travellers go thither about September, and leave it towards April. I fancy these two objections to the foregoing scheme will incline you rather to give into mine, which is as follows: suppose I stay here till after February; I may in March, April, May, and June, see Orleans, Lions, and Bourdeaux; and pass July, August, and September, in the southern provinces. The air of those countries is so pure, that the greatest heats do nobody any harm. From Provence to Genoa is the shortest road I can take for Italy, and so through Tuscany to Rome, where I shall arrive about December, having seen what is curious in my way.

I may pass two months at Rome, and go from thence to Naples, the most delightful part of Italy, and the finest air; allowing me three months in that country, I may take a little voyage to Messina, and from thence to Malta, which lays just by. From Naples I may travel along the coasts of the Adriatick sea, by Ancona and Loretta, to Venice; where if I stay but to the end of July, I shall have August, September, and October, to see Padua, Verona, Milan, and the other parts of Italy that lie N. W. of the Venetian gulph. In the winter I may settle at Sienna, where there is a good Academy, and where they are not troubled with any English. From thence I may go to Turin, if you please,

please, and stay there till April. After which, to avoid returning through Provence a second time, I may go by Lauzanne and Berne to Franche Compté, and so by Dijon to Paris. When I am there, it will be wholly in your breast how long you would have me stay abroad, and whether I should come home the shortest way, or have the pleasure of seeing Holland. This, Sir, is the plan that I offer to you ; which I hope you will approve of in the main, and agree to for me. I do not pretend to have laid it so exact as never to depart from it ; but am persuaded that, generally speaking, I shall find it agreeable and commodious. I have not brought Lorrain into it, because it lies quite out of the way, and because (to say the truth) I am unwilling to go thither. I know, my dear Sir, I should acquaint you with my reasons for the dislike I have expressed against that place. This is not so easy an *eclaircissement* as you may think it. Our notions of places and of persons depend upon a combination of circumstances, many of which are in themselves minute, but have weight from their assemblage with the rest. Our minds are like our bodies ; they owe their pain or pleasure to the good or ill assortment of a thousand causes, each of which is a trifle by itself. How small and imperceptible are the qualities in the air, or soil, or climate, where we live ; and yet how sensible are the impressions they make upon us, and the delights or uneasiness they

create ! So it is with our minds, from the little accidents that concur to sooth or to disorder them. But in both, the impressions are more strong, as the frames which they act upon are more delicate and refined. I must therefore impute many of my complaints to the natural delicacy of my temper ; and I flatter myself you will not think that reason the worst I could have given you. But there are others, more gross and evident, which I have already in part informed you of, and which I shall here set forth more at large.

It is natural for us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The reason is, that the awkwardness we have shewn in such beginnings lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to *quelques bévues d'ecolier*, as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and has a good deal peculiar to itself.

The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps in others, hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits to such a degree, that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company, where one fears too much to be disapproved ; and the very notion of being ill received, has as
bad

bad an effect upon our gaiety as the thing itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorrain. I have already complained of the foppish ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value, that is so fashionable there. You have heard me describe the greater part of the English I knew there, in colours that ought to make you fear the infection of such company for your son.

But, supposing no danger in this brutal unimproving society, it is no little grievance; for to what barbarous insults does it expose our morals and understanding! A fool, with a majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world. Do not imagine, dear Sir, that I am setting up for a reformer of mankind, because I express some impatience at the folly and immorality of my acquaintance. I am far from expecting they should all be wits, much less philosophers. My own weaknesses are too well known to me, not to prejudice me in favour of other people's, when they go but to a certain point. There are extravagances that have always an excuse, sometimes a grace, attending them. Youth is agreeable in its follies, and would lose its beauty if it looked too grave; but a reasonable head and an honest heart are never to be dispensed with. Not that I am so severe upon Luneville and my English friends, as to pretend there are not men of merit and good sense among them. There are some

undoubtedly ; but all I know are uneasy at finding themselves in such ill company. I shall trouble you no farther upon this head. If you enter into my way of thinking, what I have said will be enough : if you do not, all I can say will have no effect. I should not have engaged in this long detail, but that I love to open my heart to you, and make you the confident of all my thoughts. Till I have the honour and happiness of conversing with you in a nearer manner, indulge me, dear Sir, in this distant way of conveying my notions to you ; and let me talk to you as I would to my dearest friend, without awe, correctness, or reserve. Though I have taken up so much of your time before, I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of acquainting you of the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz. He has in a manner taken me into his family. I have the honour of his conversation at all hours, and he delights to turn it to my improvement. He was so good as to desire me to ask your leave to pass the winter with him, and, to encourage me to do it, promised me that I should not be without my share of publick business. The first packet that comes from Fontainebleau I expect to be employed ; which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service.

Do not you think, Sir, it would be proper for you to write to Mr. Poyntz, to thank him for the honours he has done me ; and
to

to desire him to excuse it, if his civilities make me troublesome to him longer than you designed? You know so well how to do those things, that I am persuaded it would have a good effect.

The only news I have to tell you, is a secret intelligence from Vienna, that count Zinzendorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it: while I am not trusted with affairs, you shall know all I hear; but afterwards *nil patri quidem*. I was saying to Mr. Poyntz, that Ripperda was undoubtedly very happy to come out of prison into the land of liberty; he replied, that, whatever the duke might think, he was in danger of going to prison again.

This was said some time ago, and things may have altered since. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR,

Soissons, Dec. 20.

A Sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broken all my measures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to stay there in the room of Mess. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on their return for England. His excellency is so kind and good as to desire me to accompany him to Paris, and live there *en famille*, at least till I hear from you. As the expence will not be great, having the convenience of his table; and as a winter journey to Lorrain is impracticable; I have ventured to take this step without your orders. It is with me as it is with embassadors, who, though never so desirous of keeping close to the letter of their instructions, are sometimes obliged to act without them, and follow their own judgement, without consulting their superiors. The proposal of being let into business, and the advantage of Mr. Poyntz's conversation, makes me very unwilling to quit him now, when I begin to know him more intimately, and to gain his confidence. I have already copied some papers for him, and do not doubt but he will continue to employ me.

I have troubled you so often with Ripperda, that I am almost ashamed to mention him again: but the conclusive answer of Mr. Stanhope to the duke of Ormond and the other
Spanish

Spanish ministers was, that when Spain would give up the English rebels, England would send back Ripperda.

Prince Frederick's journey was very secret: Mr. Poyntz did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no publick notice of it. There will be fine struggling for places. I hope my brother will come in for one. Adieu, Sir, Believe me always

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

I HAVE so much to thank you for, that I have not words to do it; so kind a compliance with all my wishes surpasses my acknowledgement. Your two letters to Mr. Poyntz had their effect, and were answered with a profusion of civilities, and marks of friendship and esteem; but the inclosed will instruct you better in the obligations I have to you and him. How happy I am in your permission to quit Lorrain, you may judge by my letter on that head. I think you have mistaken my sense in some arguments made use of there; but it is needless to set you right. Your kindness and indulgence to my desires is an argument more persuasive than all the rest, and in which only I confide.

I have lately, Sir, spent more than I could wish, and the necessity of doing it gives me no small uneasiness; but it is an undoubted fact, that without shew abroad there is no improvement. You yourself confess it, when you say, the French are only fond of strangers who have money to pay them for their compliments. You express a great uneasiness for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risqued a little at them, but without any passion or delight. Gaming is too unreasonable and dishonest for
a gen-

a gentleman, who has either sense or honour, to addict himself to it; but, to set you quite easy in that point, I give you my word and honour, and desire no pardon if I recede from it, that I never will addict myself to this destructive passion, which is such a whirlpool, that it absorbs all others. It is true I have been a sufferer at quadrille, and must ever suffer on: for *point de société sans cela; c'est un article préliminaire à tout commerce avec le beau monde.* I may venture to assure you, that all thoughts of peace are not laid aside, as you apprehend. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XII.

“ S I R,

Paris, Jan. 22, 1729.

“ I HAVE received your two kind letters,
 “ in which you are pleased very much to
 “ over-value the small civilities it has lain
 “ in my power to shew Mr. Lyttelton. I
 “ have more reason to thank you, Sir, for
 “ giving me so convincing a mark of your
 “ regard, as to interrupt the course of his
 “ travels on my account, which will lay me
 “ under a double obligation to do all I can
 “ towards making his stay agreeable and use-
 “ ful to him; though I shall still remain the
 “ greater gainer, by the pleasure of his com-
 “ pany, which no services of mine can suf-
 “ ficiently requite. He is now in the same
 “ house with me, and by that means more
 “ constantly under my eye than even at Soif-
 “ fons; but I should be very unjust to him,
 “ if I left you under the imagination that
 “ his inclinations stand in the least need of
 “ any such ungenerous restraint. Depend
 “ upon it, Sir, from the observation of one
 “ who would abhor to deceive a father in so
 “ tender a point, that he retains the same
 “ virtuous and studious dispositions, which
 “ nature and your care planted in him, only
 “ strengthened

“ strengthened and improved by age and ex-
“ perience ; so that, I dare promise you, the
“ bad examples of Paris, or any other place,
“ will never have any other effect upon him,
“ but to confirm him in the right choice he
“ has made. Under these happy circum-
“ stances, he can have little occasion for any
“ other advice, but that of sustaining the
“ character he has so early got, and of sup-
“ porting the hopes he has raised. I wish it
“ were in my power to do him any part of
“ the service you suppose me capable of. I
“ shall not be wanting, to employ him, as
“ occasion offers ; and to assist him with my
“ advice where it may be necessary, though
“ your cares (which he ever mentions with
“ the greatest gratitude) have made this task
“ very easy. He cannot fail of making you
“ and himself happy, and of being a great
“ ornament to our country, if, with that
“ refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can
“ but recal his mind, at a proper age, from
“ the pleasures of learning, and gay scenes
“ of imagination, to the dull road and fa-
“ tigue of business. This I have sometimes
“ taken the liberty to hint to him, though his
“ own good judgement made it very unne-
“ cessary.

“ • Though I have only the happiness of
“ knowing you, Sir, by your reputation,
“ and by this common object of our friend-
“ ship

“ ship and affection, your son; I beg you
“ would be persuaded that I am, with the
“ most particular respect,

“ S I R,

“ Your most humble

“ and obedient servant,

“ S. POYNTZ.”

LETTER XIII.

. DEAR SIR,

Paris, Feb. 17.

I MADE your compliments to Mr. Poyntz as handsomely as I could, and read him that part of your letter, where you leave it to his determination, how long I shall stay with him, provided it be no ways inconvenient. He assured me, with the same obliging air of sincerity and goodness as you are charmed with in his letter, that it was not in the least so; and that my company again at Soissons would be the greatest relief and pleasure to him; with many other kind expressions, which you would be glad to hear, but which I cannot repeat. I have a thousand thanks to pay you, Sir, for so kindly preventing my desires, and continuing me in the possession of a happiness which I was afraid was almost at an end. The time I spend with Mr. Poyntz is certainly the most agreeable, as well as the most improving, part of my life. He is a second father to me, and it is in his society that I am least sensible of the want of yours.

I find you are uneasy at the situation the king's speech has left us in; but depend upon it, notwithstanding the little triumph that the enemies of the government may shew upon the present seeming uncertainty of affairs, they will be concluded to their confusion, and to the

the honour of the councils they oppose. The greatest mischief that has been done us, and which perhaps you are not sensible of, was by the number of disaffected papers, full of false and malicious insinuations, which, being translated and shewn to foreign ministers, unacquainted with the lenity of our constitution, and the liberty of scandal it allows, made them think that the nation would disavow the measures taken by the court, and were the principal cause of the delays and difficulties that retard the publick peace. The vigorous resolutions of both houses, to support his majesty in his councils, will, no doubt, undeceive them, and contribute very much to bring affairs to that decision we desire. Adieu, my dear Sir; and believe me to be

Your dutiful son, &c.

G.L.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, March 11.

THE affair of the Gosport man of war has raised a most extravagant spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing less than hanging their own officer, and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. I have talked to his excellency about it: he says, he has had no account of it from England; but desires me to tell you, that he is in hopes the French officer has made a false report; and that, if nothing very extraordinary has been done, as the case must have happened frequently, he should think it very proper that as many precedents as can be found should be collected and sent him over. He apprehends as much as you a popular declamation from the Craftsman on this unlucky subject. The embarkation you speak of is uncertain (as far as I can know from him), and intended only to reinforce our garrisons. Perhaps there may be more in it, which he does not think fit to trust me with: though I hardly imagine so; because I have such marks of his confidence, as convince me he does not doubt of my discretion.

Love to my brother —; I dare say he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed. I am glad the young fellow has so much of
the

the martial spirit in him. What you tell me of —— amazes me. I shall obey your advice, in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon; since he, whose affection I was so sure of, has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake. I confess, I thought malice or ill-nature as great strangers to him as to poor ——: but what are the judgements of young men? Indeed, my dear Sir, we are very silly fellows.

I cannot help transcribing a few lines of my sister's letter of the 10th, to shew you that your goodness to your children meets at least with a grateful return:

“ We should pass our time but ill, if
 “ the good-humour of my mother did not
 “ make us all chearful, and make amends
 “ for the loss of those diversions which London would afford us. The oftener I converse with her, the more I love her; and
 “ every one of her actions shews me a virtue
 “ I wish to imitate. This you must be sensible of as well as I: but there is such a
 “ pleasure in praising those we love, that I
 “ must dwell a little upon the subject, which,
 “ I dare say, will be as grateful to you as it
 “ is to me. How happy are we with such parents! When I see my father almost spent
 “ with the cares of his family; my dear
 “ mother confined here for the good of her
 “ children; I am over-powered with gratitude and love! May you and they continue
 “ well!

SIR T. LYTTLETON.

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“ well! and I want nothing else to compleat
“ my happiness.”

This, Sir, is a faithful extract, and speaks
the language of all our hearts. Adieu, dear
Sir.

I remain

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

Haute Fontaine, near Spiffons,

May 27.

I HAVE letters from my lord — and his governor, in which they both express the highest sense of the friendship you have shewn them, and acknowledge the advantages they owe to it; my lord, particularly, is charmed with the good-natured service you did his relation, and speaks of it as the greatest obligation. My friend Ayfcough too boasts of your protection, and professes that veneration for your character, that it makes me proud of being your son. It is now my duty to return you thanks for all these favours, bestowed on others, and meant to me; and I do it with all the pleasure of a grateful mind, which finds itself honoured in the obligation. I believe there is no young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself; being blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune: but of all my advantages, there is none of which I have so deep a sense, as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself.

This is so much the dearer to me, as indeed it is the source of all the rest, and as it is not to be lost by misfortune, but dependant upon my own behaviour, and annexed to virtue, honour, and reputation. I am persuaded that no weaknesses or failings, which

do

do not injure them, will occasion the withdrawing it from me; and therefore I consider it as secure, because I have used my mind to look upon dishonesty and shame as strangers it can never be acquainted with: such an opinion is not vanity, but it is setting those two things at a necessary distance from us; for it is certain, that the allowing a possibility of our acting wickedly or meanly, is really making the first step towards it. I have received many civilities from Mr. Stanhope, who is here with Mr. Poyntz. Mr. Walpole has invited me to Compeigne, where I am going for two or three days. Affairs are now almost at a crisis, and there is great reason to expect they will take a happy turn. Mr. Walpole has a surprizing influence over the cardinal; so that, whether peace or war ensue, we may depend upon our ally. In truth, it is the interest of the French court to be faithful to their engagements, though it may not entirely be the nation's. Emulation of trade might incline the people to wish the bond that ties them to us were broke; but the mercantile interest has at no time been much considered by this court. If you reflect upon the apprehensions of the government from the side of Spain, and their very reasonable jealousy of the emperor, you will not wonder at their managing the friendship, and adhering to the alliance, of Great-Britain. The supposition, that present ad-

vantage is the basis and end of state engagements, and that they are only to be measured by that rule, is the foundation of all our suspicions against the firmness of our French ally. But the maxim is not just. Much is given to future hopes, much obtained by future fears; and security is, upon many occasions, sought preferably to gain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR,

Haute Fontaine, near Soissons,
July 6.

THE kind answer you made to my last was as great an addition to my happiness as any I could possibly receive. You seem very uneasy as to publick affairs: and indeed, considering the many inward and domestick calamities we are afflicted with, I cannot say but you have reason. I hope, however, to be able very shortly to send you some news that will raise your spirits; for every thing is brought to a crisis; and, without some unforeseen accident, we may expect a happy conclusion. And now, Sir, as far as I dare, I will tell you the reasons for the confidence which I have expressd. Out of two and twenty millions of piastras that the galleons brought home, the king of Spain's share is but six, allowing him all pretensions to *dimes, droits d'entrée, &c.* and a moderate *indulto*. By the treaty of the Prado, and other conventions, the indult is fixed to five *per cent.* in time of war, as well as peace; but, as he has been at extraordinary charges in bringing them home this year, the negotiants are willing to allow him thirteen or fourteen *per cent.* in consideration of it. If he arbitrarily resolves to take more, besides ruining his trade, which entirely stands upon the faith

of those conventions, he so far exasperates France, that he may depend upon their entering vigorously into a war against him; and even with that, he will not have half enough to make good his engagements to the emperor; no, not even to pay his arrears.

It is then probable, that he will either break those engagements, and sign a peace with us, or seize upon the whole freight of the galleons; in which case France would find itself so concerned, as to be compelled to right itself by arms, as principal in the quarrel, not as ally.

But as such a violence, so contrary to treaties and to the interests of Spain, would render the queen odious to the nation, even though the war should be carried on with success; there is great reason to think she will not venture it, considering the king's passion for abdication, and the uncertainty her authority is in. I have still a farther reason to hope we shall have peace, but it is not proper to mention it. I shall only say, that, as the queen's ambition for the establishment of her family was the foundation of the Vienna treaty, a just sense of the difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of obtaining it upon that plan, and a more easy and reasonable one offered to her, may reconcile her to the provisional treaty. After all, my dear Sir, I make no doubt but, let things come out ever so well, people will not want objections

tions and complaints. Perfection is so impossible to be attained, and we are so apt to expect it, that it is in vain to hope any measures can be taken, that will meet with a general approbation. The badness of the weather, scarcity of corn, and even the sickliness of the times, are laid to the minister's charge; and so they would, if, instead of making alliance with France, we were now quarrelling with it to gratify the emperor. But you, I am sure, will be satisfied, if by the negotiations here our trade and honour are secured; and so they will be, or we shall adjourn to Flanders. His excellency desires his humble service to you.

I hope my beloved mother is well. Pray my humble duty to her. And I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

The courier from Madrid is expected in five or six days.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Aug. 13.

AS the courier brings you this, and there is no danger of its being opened, I make no scruple to acquaint you with all I know of the negotiations; but only must beg you to take no notice of it to any body.

The queen of Spain has, as well from her own experience as the skilful representation from Mr. Keene, been made so sensible of the insincerity of the emperor in the promises he has made her, and the little she could rely upon them, that she is willing to throw herself, and all her interests, into the hands of England; provided that we, together with France and Holland, would engage to secure the succession of Tuscany and Parma to don Carlos, by Spanish garrisons to be placed in them, or at least Swiss troops in the Spanish pay. This last condition is contrary to the quadruple alliance, which provides for the succession of don Carlos to those duchies, but stipulates that they shall be held by neutral garrisons. However, the allies of Hanover have thought fit to grant it upon better terms, and to guarantee the disposition they have made, against any power who shall oppose or trouble it. It is the interest of all Europe, that the succession of those countries

should

should be secured to Spain. The emperor is too powerful already; and may become master of the liberties of Italy, if he has not a neighbour in those states who will be strong enough to check him. The face of affairs in Europe is much changed since the quadruple alliance, which was formed to prevent the mischiefs which might have ensued from the difference of the Imperial court with that of Spain; whereas the treaty of Soissons has no other end than to prevent the much greater ones that would arise from their too close union. I shall not enquire whether, in the former treaty, we did not compliment the emperor too far, nor take notice how ill we have been requited; but I am sure we shall gain more by obliging Spain, and make the balance more even. The only difficulty to be considered is, whether this ought to have been done without the emperor's participation, or whether we can make good such a disposition without endangering the peace. In regard to the first, it is certain, the Imperial court has no reason to expect any confidence from the allies of Hanover, after the many instances of insincerity and *mauvaise foi* they have given us during the whole course of the negotiations.

We have very sure grounds to think, they have made the same proposal to the queen of Spain, for other purposes, without communicating it to us: but is it likely she would
accept

accept it from their hands, rather than from ours, whose sincerity she has experienced, and who have power and means to make good our engagements? Had we acquainted the emperor with our project, and sued him to come in to it, it would have been making him master of the negotiations, and thereby hazarded their being prolonged to what length he pleased, which, considering the just impatience of the English nation, would have been worse than concluding them by a war with Spain. One with the emperor is little to be feared, considering the formidable strength of the alliance, and the difficulties that prince lies under from the unsettled state of the succession. It is more probable he will come into peaceful measures, as more conformable to his situation and the humour of his ministers, who are all of them averse to war. But it is undoubted, that our refusing the queen of Spain her demands for don Carlos would have forced her desperately to close with the emperor's proposal, and enter into any engagements for the interests of her son, to which (as she told Mr. Keene) she had still more left to sacrifice. If we had provoked her to a war, we must have spent millions to obtain by force what this treaty gives us upon a condition which it is our interest to grant. We expect a courier in a day or two from Mr. Keene, who will inform us more certainly than Banniers has, what to
expect

expect both from Spain and the emperor. Mr. Poyntz says, the effects of the galleons will not be delivered quite so soon as you expect, but that he hopes it will not be long first. It is very probable the article I have mentioned as the fundamental one, in the treaty of Soissons, will be a secret one, and signed separately by the English, Spanish, French, and Dutch. The infinite variety of interests which have assembled so many powers will, I hope, be speedily adjusted; though you will own it is a work of time, and not so suddenly to be brought about as some politicians in England seem to think. The affair of Mecklenburgh is the most troublesome, and one of the most important. H. B. M. is strenuous in opposing the Aulick council; and it is happy for the states of the empire, that they have so powerful a protector of their rights and liberties. As soon as our dispatches arrive from Spain, you shall hear the result of all I have acquainted you with in this.

I am very proud of the honour you did me, in approving of the reasoning in my last; it was founded upon Mr. Poyntz's discourse, and the papers he had the goodness to let me see, which I made the best use of I could. I am obliged to Mr. Pope for enquiring after me, and beg you would return my compliments.

Nobody

LETTERS TO

Nobody can have a higher opinion of his poetry than I have; but I am sorry he wrote the Dunciad.

I most heartily rejoice that you enjoy your health, and pray God to continue it. His excellency is well, and desires his compliments. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Aug. 25.

I AM glad you find the news I sent you so generally confirmed, but must beg pardon for an incorrect expression that escaped me in my last; having said that the allies of Hanover guaranteed the succession to don Carlos, which, I believe, is only true of England, France, and Holland.

Pour ce que regarde M. Keene, je puis seulement vous dire qu'il me semble que nos ministres ont toujours fait beaucoup de cas de son habilité, et qu'ils ont beaucoup deféré a ses conseils en tout ce que regarde la cour d'Espagne. Je sçais aussi que son sentiment a toujours été d'employer jamais les menaces en traitant avec cette cour; parceque, connoissant la fierté Espagnole, il croyoit qu'on ne pourroit rien gagner d'eux par ces moyens: c'est pourquoi il étoit d'avis, ou de venir à une guerre ouverte, sans nous arrêter à faire des menaces, ou de proceder par des voyes de douceur comme nous avons fait jusqu'ici. Voila son système; et on c'est bien trouvé de l'avoir suivi. Il me paroît d'autant plus raisonnable que je ne croy pas qu'on auroit jamais pû intimider la reine d'Espagne, qui, de l'humeur dont elle est, ne se feroit pas mise en peine de voir le royaume de son mari plongé dans tous les maux de la guerre, pourvu

pourvu que cela n'eut pas empêché ses desseins en faveur de son fils. Elle se regarde comme une étrangère ; et ne s'attend pas à rester deux jours en Espagne, si le roi venoit à mourir ou à abdiquer la couronne. Mais enfin je ne pretens pas justifier tous les pas de M. Keene, dont quelqu'uns peuvent avoir été trop peu respectueux aux ordres reçus. Vous dites que l'article de la garantie pourroit bien être contesté en d'autres endroits que à Vienne. Je le crois ; car il y a un certain parti chez nous, qui est fort dans les intérêts de l'empereur, et qui sera sans doute fort fâché de voir le peu de soins que nous en prenons. Mais laissons murmurer ces messieurs-là ; et faisons toujours une bonne paix, sans nous soucier de leur mécontentments. Je ne puis pas vous répondre decifivement sur le dedommagement des portes de nos merchants ; c'est une chose à souhaiter, mais je doute de son execution. Ce qu'il y a d'assuré c'est qu'on reparera les torts de notre commerce, et qu'on le mettera en seureté pour l'avenir.

Dieu sçait si ce que je vous ecris est bon François ; car je n'ay pas assez de tems pour l'étudier, ni pour en corriger le moindre mot.

G. L.

LETTER XIX.

MONSIEUR,

Paris, August 30.

NOUS avons reçu des nouvelles fort extraordinaires d'Hannovre; sçavoir, que le roi se voit sur le point d'être attaqué dans ses états par son voisin le roi de Prusse. Ce prince a une si forte inclination pour les grands hommes, qu'il les prend par tout où il les trouve; et il vient nouvellement de faire enlever par ses officiers plusieurs sujets d'Hannovre, qui avoient le malheur d'être destinées par leur taille à entrer dans ses troupes, sans demander leur consentement, ou celui du roi leur maître. S. M. se croyant obligé à faire des reprisailles, arrêta tous les Prussiens qui se trouvoient alors dans ses états; mais il promit, en même tems, au roi de Prusse, de les mettre tous en liberté, aussitôt que lui de son côté auroit congédié les Hannoveriens. Le procédé étoit fort équitable; mais Frederic déclara, que si le roi ne lui envoyoit pas une autre réponse plus satisfaisante avant un jour qu'il lui marqua, il viendra s'en faire raison à la tête du quatre vingt mille hommes.

Comme le roi ne se mit pas en peine de ses menages, et laissa passer le tems prescrit, S. M. P. donna ordres à cinquante mille hommes des ses troupes, de marcher en diligence aux frontières; et pour faire voir qu'il étoit bien sérieux, il déboursa une grosse
somme,

somme, pour les entretenir. De façon que nous sommes à la veille d'une guerre au milieu de nos négociations pour la paix, et pour une sujet qui n'a aucun rapport aux différences que nous travaillons à terminer, nous ne doutons pas que l'empereur ne fomente sous main la querelle, et qu'il ne tache d'allumer un feu de cette étincelle qui embraserait toute l'Allemagne. On travaille pourtant à l'étouffer avant qu'il éclate; mais on a tout à craindre de la folie du roi de Prusse, et des artifices de la cour impériale. Comme ce roi a une armée sur pied beaucoup plus forte que celle de S. M. B. et que le pays d'Hannovre est tout ouverte; il est à craindre que l'ennemi n'y fasse de grands progrès avant que le roi pourra se mettre en état de l'empêcher.

Les suites d'une pareille entreprise seroient assurément funestes à l'agresseur; mais les commencements pourront bien être fâcheux pour sa majesté. Ce n'est pas la première extravagance de cette nature que le roi de Prusse a faite; il a autrefois élevé un marchand Suedois, qui voyagoit dans le voisinage de ses états, et plusieurs Saxons, pour les forcer de servir dans ses troupes; et on a eu beaucoup de peine à lui persuader de les rendre aux instances et aux menaces, des puissances intéressées. Je croy que de toutes les têtes couronnées de l'univers c'est la plus insensée. Il se peut bien que vous avez déjà
intendu

intendu cette nouvelle ; mais comme je la tiens de son excellence, j'ay cru qu'il ne seroit pas mal à propos de vous la mander. Il me flatte que si la guerre se faisoit tout de bon, vous m'envoyerez à Hannovre, pour ne pas manquer à une si belle occasion de me signaler au service et à la vice du Roi. C'est une grace que j'attends de votre bonté, et du regard que vous m'avez toujours temoigné pour mon honneur et une reputation. Mais en trois semaines d'icy nous en parlerons plus certainement ; et alors je prendrai le parti que vous jugerez le plus convenable. Son excellence a été fort indisposé, mais il commence à se retablir. J'espere que vous vous portez bien, et que Madame est arrivée sans accident à Hagley.

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Sept. 8.

SUNDAY by four o'clock we had the good news of a dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable: one fellow gives notice to the publick, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf *gratis*. The king is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he sees, *qu'il sçaura bien faire des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine fire-work to-morrow, his majesty being to sup in town.

The duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support, and he piously sings hallelujah for his happy delivery from it. The good old cardinal cried for joy.

It

It is very late; and I have not slept this three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises that the people make in the streets; so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate

and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Sept. 16.

THE difference with Prussia is nearly composed; that king being intimidated with the firmness he found in his majesty's allies to stand by him in case of a rupture: which he flattered himself they would not have done, especially the French. On the other side, Sickendorf the Imperial minister, (who had intimated, in private discourse with the Danish secretary, that, if the king of G. B. called in any of his allies to his assistance against Prussia, his master would think himself obliged to assist that kingdom with his forces) being asked in council, "whether the king of Prussia might depend upon succours from his Imperial majesty;" replied, "that he had no orders to promise any." I suppose, you have a more ample account of this affair from Mr. West; so shall say no more of it. Mr. Poyntz has been very ill; but, I thank God, is on the mending hand.

We are now in the middle of September; and though the thoughts of leaving so kind a friend are very unpleasing to me, yet, as I am now at the latest term I ever proposed, and as a further delay would make my journey
to

to Italy impracticable, I am obliged to mention it to you, and to desire immediate leave to set out that way.

His excellency himself advises me not to defer it any longer; the winter being the proper season for seeing Rome; and this we are now in, for passing the Alps.

It is probable he will not be long in France; and therefore it is not worth my while, for a month or two longer, to lose the opportunity of my travelling as I always designed.

I hope I have given you no reasons to alter your first intentions of sending me to Italy; a country I long to see, and where I may expect to improve myself considerably.

You will undoubtedly thank Mr. Poyntz, upon my taking leave of him, for the many, and indeed infinite, obligations I have to him; which do me so much honour, and of which I have so deep a sense. I protest to you, my dear Sir, that as you are the only person in the world to whom I am more indebted than to him, so, after you, there is nobody whom I more love and honour, and to serve whom I would sacrifice life and fortune so willingly as Mr. Poyntz. Were he a private man, and divested of that lustre which great abilities and employments give him, his virtues only would gain him the veneration and love of all the world. My nearness to him has given me opportunity to

S 3

study

study his character; and I have found it more beautiful and perfect, the closer I looked into and examined it. I propose to myself a great deal of pleasure in telling you some particulars of his conduct, which his modesty concealed from eyes that were less intent upon him than mine.

You need not give yourself the trouble of looking out for recommendations for me to any of the Italian courts; I being acquainted with their ministers here, and not doubting but I shall have as many as I want.

The tumult of the people for the dauphin is a little over, and the nation are returning to their senses. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Sept. 27.

MR. Stanhope is on his way to Spain. The caprice and stubbornness of the king of Spain (which is not always to be governed even by his wife) made it necessary to send a minister to that court, of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. It is a melancholy reflexion, that the wisest councils and best measures for the publick good are sometimes to be frustrated by the folly and incapacity of *one* man!

How low is the servitude of human kind, when they are reduced to respect the extravagance, and court the pride, of a senseless creature, who has no other character of royalty, than power to do mischief!

However, I hope, all will turn out well; and that his Catholick majesty will behave himself a little like a king, since the queen will have him be one in spite of his teeth. About three months ago, she caught him going down stairs at midnight, to abdicate, in his night-gown. He was so incensed at the surprise and disappointment, that he beat her cruelly, and would have strangled her if she had not called for help.

This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain, to amuse him with seeing fights, in order to

keep St. Ildefonso out of his head. The journey has cost immense sums; so that the indult and treasure they expect from Lima is already mortgaged, and the king more in debt than ever.

I have a word or two to add to my French letter upon the succession of don Carlos. There is a secret article in the quadruple alliance, not much attended to, which says, that, in case the Dutch should be unwilling to pay their share of the neutral garrisons, the king of Spain should, if he pleased, take upon himself to furnish their quota for them (that is, two thousand men).

ARTICLE SÉPARÉ.

“ Que si les Seigneurs Etats Generaux des
 “ Provinces Unies des Pais Bas trouvoient
 “ qu’il leur fut trop à chargé de fournir leur
 “ quote part des subsides qui seront payez
 “ aux Cantons Suisses, pour les garrisons de
 “ Livourne, Porto Ferraio, de Parme, et de
 “ Plaisance, selon la teneur du traité d’al-
 “ liance conclue ce jourd’huy; il a été de-
 “ claré expressement par cette article séparé,
 “ et convenue entres les quatre parties con-
 “ tractantes, que dans ce cas le roi Catho-
 “ lique pourra se charger de la portion
 “ qu’auroient à payer les Seigneurs Etats Ge-
 “ neraux.”

By which it is plain that the fifth article was not designed to be strictly understood; but

but that, notwithstanding the prohibition there expressed, a proportion of troops in Spanish pay might be admitted into Italy. But, what is of much greater importance, there is a private article in the Vienna treaty, by which the emperor is allowed expressly to send a body of 8,000 Imperialists into Tuscany and Parma, upon the death of the present possessors. This is so certain, that, upon the illness of the grand duke, which was apprehended to be mortal, the Imperial minister actually wrote to hasten the march of the troops that way. This point the emperor obtained without our knowledge or consent, in contradiction to the terms of a treaty, which we made, in favour of his interests, and in prejudice to our own. And yet he and his friends complain of us, for securing ourselves against his breach of treaty, by giving up an article we are no ways concerned in, and which he had made so light of himself. One would be astonished how Spain could be prevailed upon to yield him such a point; but the whole Vienna treaty is perfect insatiation on that side, where every real advantage is given up to the chimerical marriage with the archdutchess.

Mr. Poyntz is better; but the deep concern he takes in every incident that affects the negotiation much retards his recovery. Never did man love his country better, or was more active in its service. I have been much out of order, with a distemper that has been universal

verfal at Paris, and is probably owing to the Seine water; but I am very well again.

I am troubled and uneasy at my expences here, though you are fo good and generous not to mention them in any of your letters. I am guilty of no extravagance; but do not know how to fave, as fome people do. This is the time of my life in which money will be ill faved; and your goodnefs is lavifh of it to me, I think, without offending your prudence. My dear Sir, I know no happinefs but in your kindnefs; and if ever I lofe that, I am the worft of wretches. I remain, Sir,

Your dutiful fon, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Oct. 6.

I HAVE the greatest thanks to return you for the many proofs of confidence and affection you gave me in your last, and shall labour to deserve that goodness which is so kind and complaisant to my desires. I shall, in obedience to your orders, set out for Italy to-morrow, where I hope to make such improvements as will answer the expence of the journey. But, whatever advantage or pleasure I may propose, I cannot without a sensible affliction take leave of my dear friend Mr. Poyntz, of whose favours to me I have so deep a sense, that I cannot too often express my acknowledgements. The time I have enjoyed his company has been spent so happily, and so much to my honour and advantage, that I do not know how to reconcile my thoughts to a period of it. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit, and uncommon strength of his judgement, that charm me in his conversation, as those great and noble sentiments, which would have been admired by ancient Rome, and have done honour to the most virtuous ages.

He is going to his country-seat; where I hope the air, and a little repose from the fatigue of business, will entirely restore his health. I shall observe your caution against grapes,

grapes, new wine, and pretty women ; though they are all very tempting but dangerous things.

I have time for no more now, but to assure you of my duty and affection. I have written to my lord Cobham upon my going to Italy. His excellency thanks you for your letter, and will write to you as soon as he gets to Haute Fontaine. I have the pleasure of being able to assure you, that the final project of a treaty sent to Spain is entirely satisfactory and honourable, and that it contains a full redress and reparation for all abuses, grievances, and wrongs. I am, dear Sir, with due respect,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXIV.

“ SIR,

Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.

MR, Lyttelton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day before he left Paris, for the benefit of the air, and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I make of it, Sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company; which, I may with great truth say, has contributed more than any thing else, to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: his good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope that our future acquaintance may afford me an opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued uniformly the same as I described it last winter; and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes

times be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals; for we have often been obliged at that time to recal him from *reveries*, that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles written by Languett, to Sir Philip Sidney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but, returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world; and, retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleasure assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a bene-
volence

volence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous. But the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect with which I am, Sir,

Your most humble

and obedient servant,

S. POYNTER.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR,

Lions, Oct. 16.

I CAME well to Lions last Friday, after a very pleasant journey, if the roads had been a little better. I am mightily pleased with this fine city, and could be willing to stay longer in it; but it begins to rain, and I must make haste to pass the Alps.

I cannot take leave of France, without sending you a few observations upon the present state of it; but I do it upon condition that you shall shew them to nobody, though they should have the good fortune to please you.

The present king is so little known, either to his subjects or foreigners, that the first have not much to say in his praise, and the latter are at full liberty to suppose what they please to his disadvantage. For this reason, and perhaps from a little pleasure we take in mortifying the French, we have generally a worse notion of him than he really deserves. We represent him as ill-natured, brutal, and incapable of business; but this character does not justly belong to him in any one particular.

I have enquired into the truth of the stories we are told of his barbarity, and find them entirely false. He has shewn great marks of good-nature, particularly to the queen,

queen, in being the only man in France that did not hate her for not bringing him a son. His behaviour to those about him is perfectly affable and easy; I think, more so than is consistent with majesty.

There is no one act of violence or injustice that can be laid to his charge; nothing vicious or irregular in his conduct. As to his incapacity for business, they are much mistaken who suppose that he does nothing but hunt and sleep. I know for certain, that there is no affair of moment, either foreign or domestick, that the cardinal does not communicate to him. I believe, indeed, he always acquiesces in his minister's opinion; but he is constantly consulted and let in to all the secret of affairs before any body else is trusted with it, even the *garde des sceaux* himself. Nor is this confidence ever prejudicial; for he is master of an impenetrable secrecy, which is a good deal owing to the natural phlegm and reservedness of his temper. It is hard to say whether he has courage or not; but the cardinal thinks he has, and dreads to engage him in a war, for fear he should grow too fond of it. He is cold, unactive, and insensible to all kind of pleasures; his very hunting does not delight him; and this is what the French are angry at: they love that their monarch should be gallant, magnificent, and ambitious; and do not care what price they pay for it, provided there be

great news from Flanders, and fine entertainments at Versailles.

Lewis the Fourteenth understood their genius, and humoured it in his wars and in his amours; but the frugality of the present court, and the dullness of a continued peace, are things they cannot relish.

In truth, his majesty's worst fault is a kind of bashful timidity, which makes him shun all occasions for shewing himself, and has very much the air of heaviness. He is devout; which may degenerate into bigotry, as it did in his grandfather. It is to be feared, from the eagerness he expresses of winning money at play, that he may grow avaricious; but that is not always a certain sign: his virtues and vices will probably remain as much concealed as they are now, during the life of the cardinal; but at his death, flattery and love may give him a new turn; or his disposition, being no longer under any check, may exert itself more conspicuously. Upon the whole, there appears nothing shining, nothing elevated or commanding, in his character; but such a mediocrity as may make his people easy, and very capable of governing a kingdom, where there are no factions to contend with, and no disaffection to overcome.

His first minister is the most absolute that ever exercised that authority in France, not excepting even Richelieu.

There

There is not one man in the whole nation dares speak of any business to the king, besides himself and those immediately under his direction. The parliament is hardly the shadow of what it was. The princes of the blood, and the nobility, are all pensioners and dependants of the court, from the dukes and marshals of France, to the lowest officer in the service; their interest, once so formidable to the power of the ministry, is reduced to such a degree of weakness, that none of them, if he had courage to rebel, is able to raise fifty soldiers against the king. And, what is of no less moment, the women are quite out of play, and are obliged to content themselves with love-intrigues, instead of cabals against the ministry, to which they have a more violent inclination. So that the authority of the cardinal is without bounds; the disposal of all dignities and employments is solely in his hands; and all business both at home and abroad is managed by his ministry and orders. The use he has made of this authority has been so just and beneficial to the state, that, except the Jansenists, whom he treats with too much rigour, the nation is generally satisfied with his administration. He found the people almost ruined by the fatal *système* of the Mississippi; the king's finances ill directed, and his treasures wasted in needless pensions and profuse expences. The principle of his conduct therefore was,

to ease the people, to restore their decaying trade, to save the king all the money he was able, and to retrench all superfluous goings-out. But, in order to do this, he was convinced of the necessity of maintaining peace by all the means that were consistent with the safety and honour of the state. This has always been his intention in all treaties and alliances with foreign powers, particularly Great Britain, with whom he has cultivated the strictest friendship, because he is sensible that we have the same views as he has for the preservation of the publick tranquillity. On the contrary, Spain and the Emperor, by a turbulent and ambitious conduct, have alarmed and put him upon his guard; and he has given his allies the strongest proofs of being determined to bring them to reason. At home he has constantly pursued his plan of saving the publick money; and it is thought, if he lives five years longer, and the peace continues, the king's revenues will be upon a better footing, and his treasury fuller, than they have been under any minister these fifty years. He is himself a great despiser of wealth, and consequently uncorrupt; living modestly, and without any affectation of pomp or grandeur.

The greatest complaint against him is the persecution of the Jansenists, to whom he is a bitter enemy; not, however, out of love to the Jesuits, but because it is a maxim of his

his

his policy, not to suffer any difference of opinions; but to oblige every body to hold one faith, that he may the easier keep them under one master. As for the Jesuits, they gain no advantage by the severities against their antagonists, except the pleasure of revenge: for their ambition is very much restrained; and, though one of them be confessor to the king, the cardinal has denied him the privilege of nominating to benefices, which used to attend that place, and contributed more than any thing to raise the power and credit of the order.

Neither does he suffer them to meddle at all in politicks; it being another of his maxims, not to permit the members of any sect or order whatever to have any thing to do with state affairs, because it is to be feared that such persons, having a separate interest from the state, will prefer the advantage of their particular body to the general, upon all occasions where they interfere. And of the truth of this, there are many instances. He is the very reverse of Mazarin, both in his temper and administration; naturally honest and sincere, he hates all artifice in business, and is therefore very much disgusted with the Imperial ministers, who affect finess and tricking in their negotiations more than any other court. Nobody has more sweetness and humanity in his disposition.

His conversation is free and agreeable, without descending from his dignity; his behaviour moral and religious, though in his younger days he was suspected of a little gallantry. There is something very insinuating in his wit, and very proper for a courtier; but no extraordinary talents. Had he come a little earlier into the ministry, he would have been more knowing, and have made a greater figure. He has a paternal affection for the king's person, and an ardent zeal for his service; and it is believed that, were his majesty to die, the old gentleman would retire wholly from business, and take care of nothing but his salvation. *You see by the account I have given you, that he is not the crooked politician we take him for in England, nor yet so weak as some here are apt to think him; but a man of plain sense, that lays down a reasonable scheme, and pursues it constantly and fairly.

I come now to say something of the people; but their character is so well known in England, that it would be very impertinent to talk about it. I shall only observe, that, if the king had died before the birth of a dauphin, the same reason which renders them submissive to the present government, would have made them all rebels to the duke of Orleans; I mean, the principle of divine, unalterable, hereditary right. The clergy, who enjoy a third of the lands in France,
and

and who, in all nations, are preachers of the *jus divinum* because they pretend to it themselves, would no doubt have been very zealous for the king of Spain; but at present they are very good subjects, only a little refractory against the constitution *Unigenitus*. The duke of Berwick, who is at the head of the army, is strongly for the English alliance; and so is marshal Villars.

It remains to give some account of the trading part, which, to the great misfortune of this nation, is the least considerable of the three. When cardinal Richelieu came first to the ministry, the naval power of France was in so low and despicable a condition, that a nation, formidable by land to all its neighbours, was liable to be insulted at sea by every little corsair and privateer. In the space of a few years, that great man so improved their shipping, that they began to be able to make head against the strongest maritime powers. Afterwards his disciple, M. Colbert, upon the plan his master had traced him out, carried their commerce to such a point, that it alarmed the jealousy of the English and Dutch as much as their acquisitions on the continent. They gained great establishments in America; they set up various manufactures; they got all the treasures of the flota and galleons into their hands: they became the chief traders in the Levant. I need not tell you how much the

indolence of Charles the Second, and the weakness of his brother, contributed to this increase of the French trade: even our own partial histories confess it. But the wars that succeeded the Revolution, the neglect of the following ministers, the *système**, and other ruinous enterprizes, have since reduced them very much; and, though they are at present protected by good fleets, and much encouraged by the court, they are still very full of complaints: they are terribly exasperated against the court of Spain, for their frequent infractions of treaties of commerce, in detaining the effects of the galleons, and demanding extravagant indults of the proprietors; besides many particular grievances and wrongs, of which it is not proper to enter into a detail. The English assiento contract, and the favourable privileges granted to them by the succeeding conventions, are great mortifications to the merchants here; not only as they were in possession of that trade themselves during all the war, but as they are in great need of it, to furnish themselves with piastres to carry on their commerce to the Levant. They pretend we are guilty of many abuses in the exercise of our privileges, and that we find means to elude the restraints they have left us under. They are also exceedingly alarmed at our new linen manu-

* Mississippi.

facture in Ireland ; which, they imagine, will be greatly detrimental to the trade of Bretagne and Normandy ; no doubt, with very good reason. There are several late advantages we have gained over them, in the Levant, in Barbary, and the West Indies, at which they are very uneasy ; but it is likely to be to little purpose. The government is made guarantee, by several treaties, particularly that of Hanover, to all the branches and privileges of our trade, as we now enjoy them ; and therefore they can neither complain of us, nor look for any satisfaction while those treaties subsist, which are in no danger of being broken. After all, their country is so situated for commerce, so fruitful in productions which others want, and the people are so industrious, that one would imagine, with proper encouragement, they could not fail of gaining the superiority over all their neighbours. But, notwithstanding all these natural advantages, the abject slavery they are in, the number of hands that are employed in the military service, the swarms of idle ecclesiasticks, and, above all, the chimerical distinction between a gentleman and a merchant, will always keep their traffick low ; and the country will continue in the poverty I see it now, which is more miserable than I could ever have imagined.

I shall conclude my remarks by observing, that the roguery and rapine of the intendants of towns and balliages, and the partial execution of their power of levying taxes, is a greater cause of the ruin of the provinces than the severity of the government.

It is indeed the curse of arbitrary states, that the inferior officers are worse tyrants than those they serve, and revenge their own slavery upon the wretches who are still lower than themselves, by a more grievous insolence and extortion. This, and the corruption of their courts of justice, where favour and solicitation have more weight than right or equity, are the constitutional maladies of the nation, and are grown so habitual to it that they are hardly to be removed. Thank God, we know neither in England; but are blest in an impartial administration of the wisest laws, and secured from concussions and other violences, by the noble privilege we enjoy of being taxed by none but our representatives.

I am more strongly attached to my own country by what I see of the miseries abroad, and find the spirit of Whiggism grows upon me under the influence of arbitrary power: it will still encrease when I come into Italy, where the oppression is more sensible in its effects, and where the finest country in the world is quite depopulated by it.

I set

I set out to-morrow for Geneva, in company with Sir William Wyndham's son, and shall go from thence to Turin. I have sufficiently tired you with so long a letter; so shall end with assuring you of the respect and affection with which I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXVI.

MON CHER PÈRE, Geneve, Oct. 26.

IL y a trois jours que je suis à Geneve; et je vous assure que j'en suis toute à faite charmé. Le lac, et montagnes, et les promenades, qui sont autour de cette belle ville, presentent la vue la plus riante et la plus agreable qu'on puisse voir; et la societé en dedans est aussi polie et aussi sçavante que dans aucun endroit de l'Europe. Il me paroît qu'on auroit beaucoup de peine à trouver ailleurs une si jolie retrait pour l'exercise et pour l'étude. En venant de Lions icy, je me suis un peu detourné de ma route, pour voir le grand couvent de Chartreux, qui est situé dans un desert affreux, parmi des rochers et des precipices presque inaccessibles, où de tout coté on voit tomber des torrents du plus haut sommet des montagnes, pour former une petite riviere, qui remplit la profondeur du val-lon, et coule avec beaucoup de rapidité entre des bois et des forets sauvages dont tout le pais est couvert. Jamais situation n'a été plus conforme au genie des Chartreux que celle-cy que choisit leur fondateur pour y batis leur couvent, ni plus propre à leur faire oublier le monde par l'eloignement de toute societé humaine, et de toute ce qui peut reveiller leur desirs. Le maison est batie simplement, et ne consiste que dans un long ar-
rangement

rangement de cloîtres et de cellules séparées les unes des autres, avec une église et une salle à manger. Vous sçavez qu'ils ne parlent que les dimanches et les jours de fête, et qu'ils mangent maigre toute l'année. Une solitude et une discipline si rigoureuse les rend sans doute très misérables ; ils vivent pourtant long tems, et jouissent d'une tranquillité apparente. Leur temperance conserve leur santé ; et ils s'amuseut dans leur cellules à des occupations mécaniques et laborieuses, qui servent à vaincre l'ennui de leur prison. Il y en a cependant quelques uns, qui, n'étant pas propres au travail, languissent dans une oisiveté pénible, et se tuent à force de rever.

Il nous ont reçu M. Wyndham et moi avec beaucoup de politesse ; et nous ont fait les honneurs de leur maison, en nous donnant un bon souper en maigre, et des lits assez commodes dans leurs cellules. Leur ordre est riche, quoiqu'il ne paroît pas dans leur manière de vivre ; le couvent, où j'ay été, possède tous les bois et tous les montagnes qui l'environnent par l'espace de trois ou quatre lieux. Je souhaitois que le récit que je viens de faire pourroit vous donner quelque idée du plaisir que j'ay éprouvé en voyant une solitude plus sauvage et plus rude qu'aucune de celles qu'on nous peint dans les romances, et où Don Quixote n'auroit pas manqué de trouver des géans et des enchanteurs. La hauteur prodigieuse des rochers, le bruit
des

des eaux qui en tombent, l'ombre des bois dont ils sont ornés, et la riviere qui en arrose les pieds, forment une scene si nouvelle et si étonnante, que le plus habile pinceau ne viendra jamais à bout d'en peindre la bizarrerie et la beauté.

Je partirai en deux jours pour Turin, où je fera une sejour de deux ou trois semaines. Je m'attends à trouver beaucoup d'incommodité en passant les Alpes, parceque les neiges commencent deja à tomber. J'espere de recevoir bientôt de vous nouvelles, et de pouvoir me rejoüir de la certitude qu'elles me donneront de votre santé, et de celle de ma chere mere et de mes freres et sœurs. Adieu.

G. L.

LETTER XXVII.

MON CHER PERE,

Turin, Nov. 16.

IL y a dix ou douze jours que je suis icy, ou j'ay trouvé une reception fort honnête, dont je suis redevable aux recommandations de monfieur le marquis de Santacru, ambassadeur d'Espagne au congrés, qui a demeuré long tems à cette cour, et y est fort confideré. Si la paix se fait, il ira en Angleterre, où je vous prie, Monfieur, de vouloir bien le remercier pour moi des civilités qu'il m'a fait. J'ay eu un affez rude paffage fur le Mont Cenis; la neige tombant avec beaucoup de violence; et le vent de bize, qui nous donna dans le vifage, nous caufant un froid epouventable. Danzel en a eu le plus grand mal; car une groffe fièvre l'a pris, et il refte toujours fort malade. Nous montames fur des mulets; mais, pour defcendre, il nous fallut des chaifes à porteurs, à caufe des precipices que la neige rendoit plus gliffantes, et qui veritablement faisoient peur. Les brouillards estoient fi epais, qu'ils nous empechoient de voir les autres Alpes qui nous environnoient, et qui font beaucoup plus hautes que le Mont Cenis, quoique celui cy a trois lieues de hauteur. Ce qui nous faisoit le plus de plaifir etoit un torrent, qui peut s'appeller une riviere, qui tomboit de la cime de la montagne, et formoit des magnifiques cascades entre les rochers

rochers qui s'opposent à sa chute. La plaine de Piedmont est belle, et fort bien cultivée; ce qui nous a charmé d'autant plus que nous fortimes du pays le plus déformé, et le plus désert du monde. Je ne vous ferai pas la description de Turin; c'est une ville assez connue. Le Roi nous a reçu fort gracieusement Monsieur Wyndham et moy. Il est toujours à sa maison de campagne, dont nous sommes très fâchés, parceque nous souhaiterons de luy faire notre cour.

He has his eyes very intent upon what we are doing on the side of Tuscany, and would be glad to give us some disturbance. The Milanese is the object of his ambition; and as a peace would be an obstacle to any new acquisitions, he is very much out of humour with the thoughts of it. They would not let him send a minister to the congress, because they knew the part he would have acted there would not be very favourable to the repose of Europe. He is a great general, and has a fine army, and never lost by a war.

Je conte de rester icy sept ou huit jours encore; ensuite j'iray à Genes, et de là à Milan. J'ay par tout des bonnes recommandations, qui sont des choses fort nécessaires pour les voyageurs. Je suis dans la dernière impatience de recevoir de vos nouvelles, et d'apprendre que ma chère mère se porte bien, et que ma sœur est heureusement accouchée. Monsieur Wyndham voyage toujours

jours avec moi, ce qui me fait beaucoup de plaisir, comme ce jeune seigneur a infiniment d'esprit et du sçavoir vivre, et qu'il est bien reçu de tout la monde. Vous aurez de mes nouvelles aussitot que j'arriverai à Milan, si je ne vous ecris pas de Genes.

We have one great enemy in the army, the marshal d'Uxelles; but that is of no consequence to our affairs. I long to hear of Mr. Stanhope's success at the court of Spain. I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Genoa, Nov. 30.

I HAVE been at Genoa four days, and shall set out to-morrow for Milan. I am extremely pleased with the magnificence and beauty of this town, which is one of the finest in Italy. Nothing can be more noble than its situation, which rises in an amphitheatre from the sea, and has a spacious port before it, that is defended with a tolerable fortification, and is generally well filled with merchant ships.

Its palaces are fit to lodge kings; but I shall reserve the description of them to entertain you with at Hagley fire-side. The form of its government is so well known, and so nearly resembles that of Venice, that I need say nothing to you about it. The low state of its commerce, and the weakness of its once-powerful fleet, which is now reduced to five gallies, have been observed by every traveller these thirty years. But what the republick suffers most in, is the decline of genius and spirit in their governors. The great families of Doria, Spinola, and Grimaldi, which are famous over all Europe for having produced so many illustrious generals, cannot now boast of one soldier in all their branches; the modern nobility are all sunk in ease and sloth, without courage or ability

to

to act either for their own honour or their country's. So that the state must necessarily languish, and would probably fall into the hands of some powerful neighbour, if the jealousy of other princes did not hinder it, which is at present its best security. They are in great apprehensions of the king of Sardinia, who is continually undertaking something to their prejudice, and demanding concessions from them, which they ought not to grant, but are not able to refuse. The greater part of the nobility are slaves to the interests of the emperor, from the estates they possess in the Milanese and kingdom of Naples, which render them obnoxious to that prince's power, and destroy the liberty of the state. He often extorts sums of money from them, greater or less, as he finds occasion, besides taxing them higher than his other subjects in those countries. The present doge is a Grimaldi, but his dignity is almost expired. I must just take notice of some little arts that they practise here in their elections and resolutions of state, to let you see that the method of voting by ballot may be abused as well as any other. The box is divided into two partitions, one white, the other red; to each member of the council they give a ball, which thrown into the white consents, into the red denies: after all have put in, they count the balls on either side, and so decide the question by the majority. But it

often happens, that some person has address enough to convey in two balls instead of one; so that, when they come to reckon, they find a vote too much, which renders the election void, and obliges them to begin again, or put off the affair till another day, as is generally the case. This gains time to the losing party for new *brigues*, and frequently changes the event. There are more tricks that they play of the same nature, as stopping up the hole by paper thrust about half way in; but the first is most successful.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate

and dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR,

Venice, Dec. 30.

AFTER seeing abundance of things well worthy of observation, and suffering a great many fatigues, I am got through the worst roads in Europe as far as Venice. My pleasure at coming to this town would have been much greater, if I had found any letters here from you and my other friends, as I had reason to expect: but, whether it is my banker's negligence, or some disorder in the post, I have not received a line from any body; which makes me very uneasy, and gives me a thousand fears. The publick papers bring good news; the peace is signed with Spain, of which I wish you joy, and hope it will soon lead us to a general one. They tell us here, that the emperor is extremely dissatisfied, and determined to oppose our new engagements. I believe they are not thoroughly informed; but, if it be true, I am sure he complains without any just cause. If he was sincere in the quadruple alliance, he cannot be averse to the establishment of Don Carlos in Italy: why then should he be so angry at what is done for the better securing that establishment? If he

is not sincere, how can we be blamed for taking our precautions against him? But it seems he is jealous of a Spanish power getting foot in Italy. Would not the quadruple alliance have brought in one, after the death of the present duke? and what else does this treaty do, but a little advance the same design? The introducing of Spanish garrisons into Tuscany during the great duke's life is thought a hardship; but would it not have been an equal grievance to have imposed neutral ones upon them? Are Swiss troops more immediately under his dependance than Spanish ones will be? or are not all foreign forces equally offensive to a prince in his own dominions? It is indeed a hardship, but a necessary one for the peace of Europe, and not at all greater than it would have been by the former treaty. I hear Mr. Stanhope is made a peer, and they say that Mr. Walpole will be secretary of state; but nothing is talked of for Mr. Poyntz. I hope his modesty will not be made a reason for leaving his other virtues unrewarded: I am sure he had as great a share in the merit of the present treaty as either of his colleagues.

You will pardon me, if I give you no account of my journey from Genoa hither; the number of things that pleased me are too great, and must be reserved for conversation.

fation. Venice is the place in the world, that a traveller sees with most surprize. We have a very fine opera: Colzona and Farinelli sing; the last is a prodigy, and even beyond Senefino. I beg my duty to my dear mother; and I remain, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR,

Venice, June 13th, 1730.

LAST post brought me two of yours, dated October 20th, and November the 3d, which were extremely welcome. I wrote to you from Turin and from Genoa, and last post from Venice, to let you know I was got well hither. Mr. W—— came with me all the way; and I assure you is a good Whig, as well as a very pretty gentleman. How far his father's authority may force him to change his sentiments when he comes to England, I cannot tell; but they are now entirely agreeable to the excellent understanding he is master of. I receive your lesson of œconomy as a great and important truth, which I cannot too often set before me, and which I have too much neglected. I know that extravagance and ill-management have made as many rogues as avarice; and that liberty is inconsistent with the dependance which a broken fortune subjects every man to.

I shall go from hence to Rome in about fifteen days. The caution you give me in relation to the gentlemen of the Pretender's party, whom I may chance to meet with there, is what I constantly observed towards some of the same persuasion whom I knew at Paris.

I hope

I hope you will have an easy session of parliament; for surely the peace with Spain is a very popular one, and I am every day more convinced that the emperor's opposition will come to nothing.

The subject of part of this letter will not let me conclude it, without assuring you what a grateful sense I have of your generosity and goodness to me; which are infinitely beyond my deserts, and demand such returns as I can never make, though my life be spent in obeying you, as I fully resolve it shall be.

Adieu, my dear Sir; let me know often that you are well, and that you continue to love me. I hope it is needless to say, that I honour, esteem, and love you, more than any person or being upon earth; and that I remain

Your ever dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR,

Venice, Feb. 11.

I HAVE yours of the 24th of December, with the duplicate. I answered that the post before last; and inclosed a copy of the former one, which I hope you received. I am glad to hear the land-tax is diminished. It is no wonder the city is discontented; for, if I do not mistake, it is at present governed by Tory magistrates; and they are not of a humour to be pleased with any good success to court measures. You have by this time, no doubt, been publickly acquainted with all the terms of the Spanish treaty; and I am persuaded that you have found them honourable and advantageous. I cannot be of your opinion, that the congress will last much longer, or terminate in a war. The emperor has little to gain in Italy, and much to lose; neither has he other reason of complaint, except that he did not give the law to Europe, as he would have done. I know that he is marching troops (I think they say 40,000 men) into his dominions here; but I shall not believe the rest of Italy in any danger, until I see him send 100,000, which he is not in a condition to do; and even if he did make his utmost efforts, I should doubt of his power to oppose so formidable a confederacy; but it is the opinion of this republick, which is a
very

very good judge of politicks, that all these menaces will end in smoke; and that he is only doing as he has done at almost every treaty that has been signed these thirty years, delaying his acquiescence or accession, in order to be courted a little, and save his honour. I have more particular reasons for thinking so; but they are such as I cannot trust to the common post.

I staid here a fortnight longer than I designed, in hopes of going to Rome with Mr. W——; but an unforeseen accident having fixed him here, I shall set out to-morrow quite alone, which will be very melancholy. I beg my dearest father to believe, that no son ever loved a parent with more tenderness, or felt his obligations to him with more gratitude, than

His ever obliged

and obedient son,

G. L.

P. S. When you see my lord H——, I beg you would make him my compliments upon his negotiation, and the reward of it.

L E T-

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR,

Rome, April 12.

IT is impossible to tell you how sincerely I am afflicted at your complaints about your head; I would willingly suffer any share of them, if it was possible to ease you by it. It is so natural to give advice upon these occasions to those for whom we are much concerned, that I cannot help saying, you would do mighty well to try a journey to Spa, if it was only for exercise and change of air: I have known great cures performed that way upon people in your case, and it is a remedy you have not yet experienced. I wrote to you about ten days ago, to tell you that I was pleased with Rome, and that I had seen Mr. —, who is in good health, though a little upon the decline. I am going to Naples tomorrow, to stay about eight days, and so come hither, where I propose to settle till the beginning of June; after that time, there is no stirring out of Rome till the end of September, on account of the infectious air of the Campagna; so that, as unwilling as I am to leave a place so agreeable to me, I am obliged to it, for fear of being a prisoner. I propose to pass the great heats at Milan; though I cannot say I have any fixed design, because my stay in any place will depend upon my liking the company, and above all upon the will of my dearest father.

I believe you will have a mind to see me next summer in England, so shall endeavour to get out of Italy by the end of autumn. I have received a most kind letter from Mr. Poyntz, in which he gives me very strong assurances of a general peace, and that I may pursue my travels through Italy without impediment. Speaking of the manner of the treaty of Seville's being received in England, he says, "The satisfaction that it gives will
 " much encrease, when it comes to be
 " known and felt, that, far from having
 " made a *paix paltrée*, we are really upon
 " better terms with Spain than ever, and
 " have the predilection over all the powers
 " of Europe in her friendship; which, I may
 " venture to assure you in confidence, is really
 " the case."

I here send you the verses which I wrote to his excellency, and I hope you will not deem them a tedious postscript to my letter*. I remain, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

These verses are printed in this volume, p. 90.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR,

Rome, May 7.

YOUR commands shall always be received with an implicit obedience from me, however contrary they may be to my inclinations; or, to speak more justly, I have no inclination so strong as that of doing all I can to convince you of my love and duty to the best of fathers. I have been at Naples since my last; which I am very glad of, because it lies quite out of my present road, and I must have left it unseen. I shall go from Rome with a strong imperfect knowledge of the great variety of fine antiquities that are in it; more time than I have passed here being requisite to see them as one should do. I shall pass through Florence and Bologna, which are the most considerable places where I have not been; and embark at Genoa for Marseilles. I shall expect to find a letter from you at Paris, where I hope to arrive in about six weeks if no accident prevents. I should be insensible of praise to a fault, if I were not proud of the honour her majesty does me, so much beyond any thing I could flatter myself with the hopes of; but I cannot help being very apprehensive that I shall not answer the advantageous opinion she has been pleased to entertain of me, from the partial report of my friends. Your ill state of
 health,

health makes me so uneasy, that it will not let me take pleasure in any thing. If you like the inclosed verses, I desire you would give them to Mr. Pope, to whom I have taken the liberty to address them*. They contain a good piece of advice; and I hope it is given in a manner that will make it acceptable. In speaking of Italy, I have confined myself to the decay of learning there, because Mr. Addison has written so very finely upon every other point, in his verses to lord Halifax, that I durst not think of attempting them after him.

With great impatience to see you, I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

* These verses are printed in this volume, p. 97.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, Admiralty, Nov. 18, 1734.

I DEFERRED the pleasure of writing to you so long, that I might be able to give you a more certain account of the peace; which has been so variously reported, that I could form no judgement on the truth; nor am I now at all satisfied with what I hear of it, as I suspect there is something more at the bottom; but what is generally said, from the best authority, to be contained in the preliminaries, is as follows:

First, The emperor to have Parma and Placentia, with all the Milanese, except the Novarois, and a small district adjoining to it of little value, which is to be given to the king of Sardinia, *pour tout potage*.

The duke of Lorrain to marry the eldest archduchess, to be immediately declared king of the Romans, and to have Tuscany at the death of the present duke thereof. His brother to marry the second daughter. Don Carlos to be king of the Two Sicilies, with the emperor's consent. Stanislaus to renounce the crown of Poland; but to be put into the immediate possession of the duchy of Bar, with the name of king; and to have Lorrain at the death of the duke of Tuscany. France to acknowledge king Augustus, and,

and, after the death of Stanislaus, to re-unite Lorraine and the Bar to itself for ever.

You see, at the first view of these articles, that France has acted in manifest contradiction to all their pretences and declarations in the beginning of the war: They declared, they entered into it with no other view than to support the claim of Stanislaus to the crown of Poland, and their own honour, which was concerned in that election: they also protested, that they would not gain a foot of ground by any success they might meet with in it, but consider only the interest of their allies. Instead of this, they acknowledge king Augustus, make a peace prejudicial to their allies, and receive no other advantage or compensation, but an encrease of territory after the death of Stanislaus.

On the other side, the emperor is established more advantageously in Italy than before. The present dominions of don Carlos are taken from him, his reversion of Tuscany also disposed of in favour of the house of Austria, and the new conquests he has made left much exposed; so that Spain has great cause to be dissatisfied, as it is said they are, even to the refusing being included in the peace. Yet it is believed they must come in at last, not being able to carry on the war without France.

You will ask, therefore, if there are no secret articles, what could induce the French

to such a treaty, which disoblige their friends, to gain their enemies, at a time when they were superior in the field, and in a condition to insist on better terms? I can account for it but one way, which is this; that they saw, if they pressed harder on the emperor, he would be driven, though contrary to his inclinations, to marry his daughter to don Carlos, by which alliance all the dominions of the house of Austria would come to be united in his person, and perhaps annexed to the crown of Spain; which would be the erecting of a new barrier against France, more strong and more able to oppose them than any the house of Lorrain can ever constitute. They therefore chose rather to make their peace, which gives the two archduchesses to those princes, and to themselves no inconsiderable enlargement of their territory and revenue, than to hazard the forming of a power, which would restore that balance again in Europe which they have so long been labouring to break: and when once the archduchesses are married, and there is no danger on that side, they may safely join with don Carlos a second time, to recover his right in Tuscany, and drive the emperor once more out of Italy. This seems to me no improbable conjecture, supposing there are no secret articles, either relating to Flanders, or the commerce of England and Holland: but there is room to suspect some
6 such

such thing, if not a worse and more dangerous design; since it is certain that, in contempt of our mediation, neither we nor the Dutch were consulted in this treaty; but all the contending powers agreed together (as far as they are agreed) to make up their quarrels without our help, and even without our participation: which gives us a melancholy prospect of their future intentions towards us, if not of some present secret purpose, which perhaps is the spring of their extraordinary proceeding. However, we must satisfy ourselves, and rejoice that a peace is got, whoever made it; for nothing was so dangerous to the ministry, as the continuance of a war, which they could neither have well engaged in, or kept out of, had it lasted a little longer. I am apt to think Spain will come in before next spring, that is, before they can make a new campaign; and possibly the good offices of France for the restitution of Gibraltar may be made the price of their acceptance.

They say, the Dutch express the utmost anger at having been treated so contemptuously on this occasion. I do not give you this news as absolutely to be depended upon, but as the best I can collect from those on both sides who are supposed to be best informed. The reasonings upon it you may adopt or reject, as you think fit;

LETTERS TO

for I am far from being clear in any part of them. They are probable speculations, and no more.

May you be always as well convinced of my love and duty towards you, as I am of your affection and regard to,

DEAR SIR,

Your dutiful son,

G. L.

SIR T. LYTTTELTON.

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LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR,

Stowe, Sept. 11.

WHEN I came to lord Bathurst's, I found that Pope had excused himself from his visit there, as well as to Hagley; so was obliged to keep the horses to carry me to Stowe. Lord Bathurst's seat is a vast design; and when it has time to grow and form itself, there will be nothing in England equal to it, in the great French manner of long lines, extensive woods, noble downs, dry soil, and immensity of command. But at present it is only a fine sketch, and most of its beauties are in idea.

I cannot say it made me amends for the loss of Hagley, which indeed I never left with more regret. The desire of being with you would be enough to make me uneasy at parting from you; but my concern and apprehensions for your health add a good deal to that uneasiness. I am, with the truest respect, and much more affection than I know how to express, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful

and obedient son,

G. L.

X 3

LET-

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR,

August 11, 1737.

THE pleasure we felt at the birth of the young princess has been clouded since, by a message from the king, expressing the highest resentment against his R. H. for carrying the princess to lie-in at St. James's, though it was done at her own earnest desire; and when the danger she was in of wanting all necessary help where she was (there being neither midwife, nurse, nor any thing there) gave the prince no time for deliberation*. All these reasons and more were modestly urged by his R. H. to justify his conduct, and to appease the anger of the king, in a letter he wrote in answer to the message; but, not meeting with the success which he hoped from it, and being still forbid to wait on his majesty, he wrote a second; in which, waiving all apologies, he asked pardon in the most submissive manner, and expressed the greatest affliction at lying under his majesty's displeasure. To which no answer was given, but “ that,

* See a particular account of the messages and letters in this unhappy dispute, in Swift's Works, vol xvii. p. 546.

“ this letter being the same in substance
“ with the former, the king would make
“ no other answer to it.” Upon this foot
it remains ; but we have the solid satisfaction of seeing the princess and child both in good health, and likely to continue so.

I am, with the most grateful affection,
dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR,

August 18.

I WILL make no excuse for not writing to you sooner, but, that which I dare say you have made for me in your own thoughts, a very great and continual hurry of business. I am much obliged to you for wishing me at Hagley, and can truly assure you my wishes are there too; but it is quite impossible to think of it this year: however, do not be in pain for fear I should be ill; for, though the town is so sickly, by great temperance and constant riding about, I have made shift to escape this epidemical fever, and am every way better in my health than when you left me.

The situation the prince is in does, I dare say, give you great concern, as well as me. No submission on his side has been wanting, to obtain a pardon for the fault laid to his charge, and avoid a rupture of which that could be the cause; but those submissions have not been able to prevent one, and a door is shut to all further applications, by his majesty having forbid him to reply. Another subsequent order has occasioned some of his servants laying down their offices; and last Tuesday morning Mr. Pelham, contrary to the talk of the court, and I believe to the expectation of the prince, resigned the seals; which

SIR T. LYTTETON.

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which his R. H. unsolicited by me, and without my expecting it, immediately gave to me.

I need not tell you, that, while my being in his service would have brought any difficulty upon his conduct or mine, no considerations should have induced me to accept of this, or any, employment in his family; but, those doubts no longer subsisting, I could not decline, with any respect to him or credit to myself, the honour of serving him in the way that he desired.

I am, with the greatest respect and affection,
dear Sir,

Your most dutiful

and obedient son,

G. L.

LET

LETTERS TO

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Cliffden, Oct. 22.

I CAME here yesterday, to thank his R. H. for having augmented my salary £. 240. a year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. Molyneux under the king when he was prince.

Besides the convenience this will be to me at this time especially, I am pleased with it as a mark of my royal master's regard to me in the present conjuncture.

I suppose, by this time, you have heard that all the thoughts of a winter's campaign in Old France are quite laid aside; and I congratulate you upon their being so, as we both judged alike of those designs.

There is very good news arrived from Germany. Prince Charles has entirely cut off all possibility of marshal Mallebois joining either Broglie or the compte de Saxe; upon which the former is gone back to Prague, where he probably must soon perish, or surrender at discretion. The latter is so disgusted, that it is said he will lay down his command; and Mallebois is preparing to march back into France, or at least to the French frontier, having declared to the emperor, that he can do him no further service this year in Germany. The elector of Saxony has refused to let him have the provisions
he

he had depended upon being supplied with out of his territories: and it is talked as if the English army would march to intercept his retreat; but that I very much doubt. Belleisle is absolutely disgraced, and the German war appears to be quite given up by the French. I believe you may depend upon these accounts being true, as they come from the best authority; but if all is not true, so much at least is certain, that the court is extremely elate upon it. I wish things looked as well at home: but they bear a very gloomy face; the discontent of mankind in general being higher than ever, and a very troublesome session expected.

I can most truly say, that nobody can feel for you with more affection than, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

P. S. There are letters to-night, confirming what I have told you of the state of the French in Germany, and which further add, that Bencuelan, the Austrian general in Bavaria, has received a strong reinforcement.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR,

Argyle-street, Feb. 22, 1743,

WE have just saved the sugar colonies from a scheme that would, I believe, have been very hurtful to them; and, instead of it, agreed to-day to the taking the surplus arising from the late duty upon malt spirits, which will give us a fund to borrow the rest of the money we want, at 3 per cent. A little time will, I suppose, clear up the mystery of what France designs: as yet it seems very unaccountable, if they have not a greater force in the Mediterranean than the government here has any reason to think that they have. The Brest fleet might have gone thither three weeks ago, without our being able to hinder or follow them. Why they did not, I have not yet heard any satisfactory cause assigned; perhaps a few days more will enable us to form a true judgement, whether they have acted wisely, or played the fool.

We have had intelligence; but, from such as we have, we learned to-day, that four or five of their men of war are in a part of the Flemish road, which they call the Graveline pits, where it is hoped Sir John Norris may meet with them, and give a good account of them.

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them. What is become of the rest of their fleet, nobody knows. You will think that very strange: but we are so used to it here, nobody wonders at it; such a state of ignorance being at present the natural state of our government.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your dutiful

and affectionate son,

G. L.

LET.

LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR,

May 5, 1744.

MR. West comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too. His Seasons will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

I have no publick news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in private letters from Germany, of the king of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time. Those letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his majesty drew his sword, and would have killed the officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the king; who was immediately shut up, and the queen, his mother, has taken the regency upon herself till his recovery. I do not give you this news for certain; but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, he is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.

The

The king of Sardinia's retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that town, certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as any decisive advantage gained by the enemy, because the passes that still remain are much stronger than those they have forced. We expect with impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch ambassador to Paris.

I pray God the summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you. It is the only thing wanting, to make Hagley park a paradise.

Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death; his case is a dropsy, and he wants strength of nature to bear the necessary evacuations for the cure of that distemper. I feel his loss very sensibly; for, besides the publick marks he has given me of his esteem, he has lately expressed the most tender friendship for me, both to myself and others, which, at such a time, affects one more than any compliment paid while he was in health.

I am, with the truest respect and affection, dear Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

G. L.

L E T-

LETTERS TO

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 17. 1747.

IT is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this; to tell you how much I feel for you; and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found she had been much worse again, so that our alarm was as great as ever: she has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does, after such violent flurries and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able at last to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physick; upon which condition alone she
has

has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain; more indeed than I thought it could have borne: and you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will make use of all the supports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete: but, as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretell: but I hope the best. I once more

LETTERS TO

pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert West would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope; which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure, we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported, before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last! I am, dear Sir,

Your most afflicted,

but most affectionate son,

G. L.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR,

April 25, 1747.

WHATEVER compliments have been made me about my last speech* (which have indeed been more than I ever received upon any other occasion), I can very truly assure you, they did not give me one thousandth part of the pleasure which I feel from the satisfaction that you express on that account. To have you pleased with my conduct, and to contribute in any manner to your happiness, is the supreme joy of my heart, and the best object of my ambition. Your affectionate prayers for me will, I do not doubt, draw down the divine favour upon me, and bring consolation to me in that affliction which still hangs heavy upon me, though I do my utmost to bear up against it. I pray God to enable me to deserve your blessing, and consider both the good and the evil of this world as of no very great moment, except in the use that we make of both.

The last mail from Holland brings an account, that the prince of Orange was on Wednesday last declared in full form stadtholder of the Seven Provinces. Besides the

* On the Scotch Bill; it is printed in this volume, p. 3.

present effects of this great revolution, which I hope will be good and beneficial to us if a right use be made of it, the solid and permanent union, that in all probability will be established by it between us and the Dutch, must be a great future advantage. The duke is at the head of a brave army of 110,000 men, within six miles of Antwerp; he cannot stay there two days, for want of forage and other necessaries, without either taking the town, or beating the French.

To do the first, he must begin by doing the last (as I heard general Huske say to-day): and it will be no easy matter, because they are posted upon very strong ground.

Possibly he may contrive, by marches and counter-marches, to get beyond them; but it appears a difficult work. If a battle is fought where they are now, it will be a bloody one. I wait with anxious impatience for the event.

There has been a smart skirmish between one part of our army and a detachment of theirs, to our advantage; 1000 French being killed, with no considerable loss on our side. This will help to put spirit into our troops, who are already in very good heart. We hear that Medley has picked up a whole Spanish regiment going to Genoa (I wish it had been a French one) and 200 French. I forgot to mention that Sas Van Ghent is said to be taken, but Hulst still holds out. These
however

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however are petty events, compared to the great one in view. If one could credit a report that is come of Genoa's being taken, that would be something. But the post is going out; so I can add no more, but that I am, most affectionately,

DEAR SIR,

Your dutiful son, &c.

G. L.

Y₃

LET-

LETTERS TO

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR,

London, April 26, 1748.

I Most heartily wish you joy of the happy and amazing event of the preliminaries being signed, at a time when even the most sanguine among us expected nothing but ruin from the continuance of the war, and almost despaired of a peace. In a month's time, or less, not only Mastricht would have been taken, but Holland invaded; and the duke of Cumberland, to oppose that invasion, had scarce a third part of the enemy's force. Orders had also been given to blow up and demolish all the fortifications of Tournay, Ypres, Namur, and Bergenopzoom.

Yet the peace we have obtained is upon the whole a better for England, than that which was offered last year by count Saxe. Neither the distresses of France with regard to her commerce and her finances, though very great, nor any other apparent cause, can sufficiently account for her granting such a peace, and stopping short in the midst of such a career. It must be the work of a faction in her court, which our ministers have had the good sense to avail themselves of; and it has drawn us out of greater distresses and difficulties than can be conceived by those who do not know the interior of our affairs. Had we been in the situation of France, and
France

France in ours, I will venture to say, no English minister would have dared to sign such a peace, not even those ministers who signed the peace of Utrecht. In short, *it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.* The court of Vienna is angry at present, but she must come to reason soon; and had we stayed to make peace till she was pleased, we must have stayed till our utter destruction. The king of Sardinia has not yet signed; but his language is much more moderate than hers, and no doubt he will soon come in. His minister here says, "Had he been at Aix, he would not have hesitated to sign one moment." There can be no doubt of the acquiescence of Spain to what France has stipulated for her, though the Spanish minister has not yet set his hand to it.

Adieu, dear Sir! May the good news revive your spirits, and be a consolation to you for my poor mother's death! Kiss my son for me; give him my blessing; and tell him, I now hope he will inherit Hagley, instead of some French marquis, or Highland laird, who I was afraid would have got it if the war had continued. I am, dear Sir, with the utmost affection,

Your most dutiful and obedient son,

G. L.

N.B. Mastricht is given up to France, to be re-delivered to us again.

ACCOUNT

A C C O U N T

O F A

JOURNEY INTO WALES

I N T W O L E T T E R S

T O

M R. B O W E R.

L E T T E R S

T O

M R. B O W E R.

L E T T E R I.

Brynker, in Carnarvonshire, July 6, 1756.

I WRITE this from the foot of Snowden, which I proposed to ascend this afternoon; but, alas! the top of it, and all the fine prospects which I hoped to see from thence, are covered with rain. I therefore sit down to write you an account of my travels thus far, as I promised when I left you; and to satisfy your desire of seeing North Wales in description at least, since you are not at leisure to accompany me thither.

I set out from Bewdley, with Mr. D—— and Mr. P——, on Tuesday last. In our way thence to Ludlow, we saw Sir E. B——'s, in a charming situation for the
beauty

beauty of the prospects ; but too much exposed, and in a dirty country. The house is spoiled by too large and too fine a stair-case and hall, to which the other rooms are by no means proportioned. Some of them are wainscotted and inlaid very finely. There is a park, which would be more beautiful if the master of it had a little more taste. I hear his son has a good one ; but the baronet himself hath not much more than his ancestor who was killed by Earl Douglas at the battle of Shrewsbury. From this place we proceeded to the Clee-Hill, a mountain you have often seen from my park ; it affords a lovely prospect on every side, but it is more difficult to pass over than any in Wales that I have yet seen ; being covered all over with loose stones, or rather with pieces of rocks. However, we passed it without any hurt to ourselves or horses.

Ludlow is a fine, handsome town, and has an old castle, now in a neglected and ruinous state ; but which, by its remains, appears to have been once a very strong fortress, and an habitation very suitable to the power and dignity of the lord president of Wales, who resided there. Not far from this town is Okely Park, belonging to lord Powis, and part of that forest which Milton, in his masque, supposes to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquished ; but, at the revolution of every
seven

seven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town; as lord Powis knows to his cost, for he has spent twenty or thirty thousand pounds in entertaining them at these seasons; which is the reason that he has no house at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the situation deserves it; for there are many scenes, which not only Comus, but the lady of Milton's masque, would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of, from a man of good taste; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we passed through a country very romantick and pleasant in many spots; in which we saw farms so well situated, that they appeared to us more delightful situations than Clermont or Burleigh. At last we came by a gentleman's house, on the side of a hill opening to a sweet valley; which seemed to be built in a taste much superior to that of a mere country squire. We therefore stopt, and desired to see it; which curiosity was well paid for: we found it the neatest and best house, of a moderate size, that ever we saw. The master, it seems, was bred to the law, but quitted the profession about fifteen years ago, and retired into the country upon an estate of £. 500 *per annum*, with a wife and four children; notwithstanding which encumbrances,

brances, he found means to fit up the house, in the manner we saw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hills about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable prospect seen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you see how vulgar minds value such improvements, I must tell you an answer made by our guide, who was servant to lord Powis's steward, and spoke, I presume, the sense of his master, upon our expressing some wonder, that this gentleman had been able to do so much with so small a fortune; "I do not," says he, "know how it is, but he is always doing some nonsense or other." I apprehend, most of my neighbours would give the same account of my improvements at Hagley.

Montgomery town is no better than a village; and all that remains of an old castle there, is about a third part of a ruinous tower: but nothing can be finer than the situation of it and the prospect. It must have been exceedingly strong in ancient times, and able to resist all the forces of the Welsh; to bridle them, it was built in the reign of William Rufus: three sides of it are a precipice quite inaccessible, guarded with a deep and broad ditch. I was sorry that more of so noble a castle did not remain; but glad to think, that, by our incorporating union with the Welsh, this and many others, which
have

have been erected to secure the neighbouring counties of England against their incursions, or to maintain our sovereignty over that fierce and warlike people, are now become useless.

From hence we travelled with infinite pleasure (through the most charming country my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint) to Powis Castle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago; but there are still remains of a great house, situated so finely, and so nobly, that, were I in the place of lord Powis, I should forsake Okely Park, with all its beauties, and fix my seat as near there, as the most eligible in every respect. About £. 3000. laid out upon it, would make it the most august place in the kingdom. It stands upon the side of a very high hill; below, lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, the town of Welsh-Pool, terminated with high mountains. The opposite side is beautifully cultivated half-way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes, that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is the park; and still higher is a terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence you have a view that exceeds all description. The county of Montgomery, which lies all within this view, is to my eyes the most
1 beautiful

beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I shall find any place there superior, or equal to it; because the highlands are all uncultivated, and the lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably shaded with hedge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn-fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large; and the mountains, that rise like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the scene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, because at Powis Castle they appear at such a distance as not to destroy the beauty and softness of the country between them. There are indeed some high hills within that inclosure; but, being woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place. We went from thence to see Pestill Rhaidir, a famous cascade: but it did not quite answer my expectations; for, though the fall is so high, the stream is but narrow, and it wants the complement of wood, the water falling like a spout on an even descent, down the middle of a wide naked rock, without
any

any breaks to scatter the water. Upon the whole, it gave me but little pleasure, after having seen the Velino.

We lay that night at the house of a gentleman who had the care of lord Powis's lead-mines. It stands in a valley, which seems the abode of quiet and security, surrounded with very high mountains on all sides; but in itself airy, soft, and agreeable. If a man was disposed to forget the world, and be forgotten by it, he could not find a more proper place. In some of those mountains are veins of lead ore, which have been so rich as to produce in time past £. 20,000. *per annum*, to the old duke of Powis; but they are not near so valuable now. Perhaps, *holy father*, you will object, that the idea of wealth dug up in this place does not consist with that of retirement! I agree, it does not; but, all the wealth being hid under ground, the eye sees nothing there but peace and tranquillity.

The next morning we ascended the mountain of Berwin, one of the highest in Wales; and when we came to the top of it, a prospect opened to us, which struck the mind with awful astonishment. Nature is in all her ~~majesty~~ *majesty* there; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country. The enormous mountains, or

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rather rocks, of Merionethshire inclosed us all around. There is not upon these mountains a tree or shrub, or a blade of grass; nor did we see any marks of habitations or culture in the whole space. Between them is a solitude fit for Despair to inhabit; whereas all we had seen before in Wales seemed formed to inspire the meditations of Love. We were some hours in crossing this desert; and then had the view of a fine woody vale, but narrow and deep, through which a rivulet ran, as clear and rapid as your Scotch burns, winding in very agreeable forms, with a very pretty cascade. On the edge of this valley we travelled on foot, for the steepness of the road would not allow us to ride without some danger; and in about half an hour we came to a more open country, though still inclosed with hills, in which we saw the town of Bala with its beautiful lake. The town is small and ill-built; but the lake is a fine object: it is about three miles in length, and one in breadth; the water of it is clear, and of a bright silver colour. The river Dee runs through very rich meadows; at the other end are towering high mountains; on the sides are grassy hills, but not so well wooded as I could wish them to be: there is also a bridge of stone built over the river, and a gentleman's house which embellishes the

the prospect. But what Bala is most famous for is the beauty of its women, and indeed I there saw some of the prettiest girls I ever beheld. The lake produces very fine trout, and a fish called *whiting*, peculiar to itself, and of so delicate a taste, that I believe you would prefer the flavour of it to the lips of the fair maids of Bala.

After we left the banks of the lake, where we had an agreeable day, we got again into the desert; but less horrid than I have already described, the vale being more fertile, and feeding some cattle. Nothing remarkable occurred in our ride, until we came to Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, the vale before which is the most perfectly beautiful of all we had seen. From the height of this village you have a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn-fields along the sides of the hills; at each end are high mountains, which seem placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago there died in that

Z 2

neighbour-

neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age; by his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, 4 by his third and 7 by two concubines; his youngest son was 81 years younger than his eldest, and 800 hundred persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral. When we had skirted this happy vale an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water. As we passed over the sands, we were surprized to see that all the cattle preferred that barren place to the meadows. The guide said, it was to avoid a fly, which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infested them in the valleys. The view of the said sands is terrible, as they are hemmed in on each side with very high hills, but broken into a thousand irregular shapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which seem to be piled one above the other. The summits of some of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be ascended. They do altogether strongly excite the idea of Burnet, of their being the fragment of a demolished world. The rain, which was falling when I began to write this letter, did not last long; it cleared up after dinner, and gave us a fine evening, which employed us in riding along the sea coast, which is here very cold.

The

JOURNEY INTO WALES.

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The grandeur of the ocean, corresponding with that of the mountain, formed a majestic and solemn scene; ideas of immensity swelled and exalted our minds at the sight; all lesser objects appeared mean and trifling, so that we could hardly do justice to the ruins of an old castle, situated upon the top of a conical hill, the foot of which is washed by the sea, and which has every feature that can give a romantick appearance.

This morning (July 7) being fair, we ventured to climb up to the top of a mountain, not indeed so high as Snowdon, which is here called Moel Guidon, *i. e.* the nest of the Eagle; but one degree lower than that called Moel Haprock, the nest of the hawk; from whence we saw a phenomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales. On the one side was midnight, on the other bright day; the whole extent of the mountain of Snowdon, on our left hand, was wrapped in clouds, from top to bottom; but, on the right, the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Carnarvon. The hill we stood upon was perfectly clear, the way we came up a pretty easy ascent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards; and below a vale, which, though not cultivated, has much savage beauty; the sides were steep, and fringed with low wood.

There were two little lakes, or rather large pools, that stood in the bottom, from which issued a rivulet, that serpentine in view for two or three miles, and was a pleasing relief to the eyes.

But the mountains of Snowdon, covered with darkness and thick clouds, called to my memory the fall of Mount Sinai, with the laws delivered from it, and filled my mind with religious awe.

This afternoon we propose going to Carnarvon; and you may expect a continuation of my travels from Shrewsbury, which is our last stage. Through the whole round of them we heartily wished for you, and your friend Browne, and your friend Mrs. S——, who is a passionate admirer of prospects; and that you could have borrowed the chariot of some gracious fairy, or courteous enchanter, and flown through the air with us. You know I always admired Mrs. S—— for the greatness of her taste, and sublime love of nature, as well as for all her other perfections.

Adieu, my dear Bower. I am perfectly well, *eat like a horse*, and *sleep like a monk*; so that I may, by this ramble, preserve a stock of health, that may last all winter, and carry me through my parliamentary campaign. If you write to the * Madona,

* A lady to whom her friends gave that appellation.

do not fail to assure her of my truest devotion. The most zealous Welsh catholick does not honour St. Winnifred more than I do her.

I wish you may not be tired with my travels; but you know I am performing my promise.

I remain yours, &c.

LYTTELTON.

LETTER II.

DEAR BOWER, Shrewsbury, July 14, 1756.

MY last letter ended in setting out for Carnarvon, where I arrived that afternoon. I had a very fine view of the sea, and one of the finest towns I had seen in England or Wales; the old walls of which, with their towers and bulwarks, are almost entire; they are high, and strongly built. The towers are round, and rather more of the Roman than Gothick form of architecture. At one end they join to the wall of the castle, which is a vast and noble building, of which the outside is likewise well preserved, but the inside is demolished. The people here shew the remains of a chamber, where king Edward the Second was born, and received the submission of all the nobility in Wales in his cradle. The castle itself was built by his father, and is indeed a noble work.

As we rode from Carnarvon, the country about was softened into a scene of the most pleasing kind, and was rendered more so by the contrast with that from which we came. We travelled along the shore of Menai, an arm of the sea, as broad as the Thames over-against lord Duncannon's. Our road led us over fine shady lawns, perfumed so with honey-suckles that they were a *paradisetto*, over gentle hills, from whence we had a
 2 lovely

lovely view of the Menai and the isle of Anglesea, which lies on the opposite side of it, and then lost them again in agreeable valleys, like those of Reading, or the Hertfordshire vales. We enjoyed these scenes for some miles, till we came into a ferry, by which we passed into Anglesea, and landed at the seat of Sir Nicholas Bayley, which is the pleasantest spot in the island. He has modernized an old house with good judgment and taste. The view from it is charming; he sees the sweet country through which we had travelled from Carnarvon, to Snowdon above it, which ennobles the prospect; the Menai winds, in a most beautiful manner, just under his windows; his woods shade the banks on each side of it, quite down to the water; above which, intermixed with them, are ever-green lawns, which, if helped with a very little art, would, together with his wood, make a garden, or park, of the most perfect beauty; but all is yet in a rude and neglected state. From thence we went to Baron-hill, the seat of lord Bulkeley, above the town of Beaumaris, in the same island; it has a view of the sea, and coast of Carnarvon, which is indeed very fine; but I think inferior to that of lord Edgumbe's*, with which I have heard it compared. The house is a bad one; the gardens are made in

* See Mount Edgumbe, a poem, above, p. 174.

a very fine taste; but upon the whole, I like it much less than Sir N. Bayley's, though the reputation of the former is greater in Wales.

All the rest of the isle of Anglesea is a naked and unpleasant country, without a tree or hedge to be seen in it, uncultivated still, from the obstinacy of the people, in adhering to the ignorance of their forefathers; so that I am told it does not produce the tenth part of what the land is capable of, if improved by the agriculture of England. From Beaumaris we rode over the lands, at low water, to Penman Mawr, a high and rocky mountain, the passage over which must have been very frightful before they built a wall along the edge of the road, which secures you from the danger of falling down the precipice that is below it into the sea; but with this guard it is very agreeable, the prospect of the sea and country being very fine.

I never saw any thing that struck me more than the first view of Conway castle, to which we soon came after passing this mountain; it was built by Edward the First, in much the same style with that of Carnarvon; but stronger and more regular. The situation is noble, and it stands upon a rock of considerable height; instead of a ditch, three sides of it are defended by an arm of the sea, and four turrets that rise above the towers, besides two others at one end, standing below the others, about the middle of the rock,
that

that over-hangs the sea. The walls between are battlements, and look very strong; they are, in some places, fourteen or fifteen feet thick, in none less than twelve. The whole together hath the grandest appearance of any building I ever beheld, especially as the walls of the town, which are built like those of Carnarvon, but with bolder and handsomer towers, appear right in one view to the eye with the castle, when first you approach it. All the outside remains, except one tower, as in the time of Edward the First; and that was not demolished either with battering engines or with cannon, but by the people of the place taking stones from the foundation, for their own use, whenever they pleased; the consequence of which was, the greatest part of the tower fell into the sea: but the upper part more surprizingly continues still firm in the form of an arch; and lord Hertford, the present proprietor, hath forbid any dilapidation for the future. We were told, his grandfather would have lived in this castle, could he have purchased any lands in the country about; but, finding none to be sold, he dropt the design.

I wish he had pursued it, for then we might have seen the inside entire; a sight which would have given me a great deal of pleasure. But now the floors, cielings, and roofs, are all taken away, so that we can hardly guess at its ancient magnificence. The
hall

hall must have been a noble room; it is 100 feet long, 30 wide, and 30 high; the roof was supported by very beautiful arches, which still remain. There are two chimneys in it, and it was well lighted. The stone-work of the windows is exceedingly handsome. Had our friend Millar (the builder of Hagley house) been with us, he would have fallen down and adored the architect. The eight towers seem to have contained three very good bed-chambers each, placed one above another, besides some upper rooms. The chambers are 18 feet diameter, except one called the king's chamber, which has a bow window, gained out of the thickness of the wall; and the room is by that means extended about 30 feet. Over the arch of that window, are the arms of Edward the First.

This and all the other chambers appear to the eye 12 or 13 feet high; but I am promised an accurate plan of the whole by one of the country. It certainly merits very particular examination; but I should have been more curious about it, had it been built in *Henry the Second's time*. From Conway castle, we travelled half a day's journey through a very romantick country, to Rudland or rather Land-castle, the remains of which are less perfect than Carnarvon or Conway; nor was it ever equal to them, either in extent or beauty, which I am sorry for, as *it was built by Henry the Second*. Not far from hence, at
a place

a place called Bodrudan, we passed a rainy day in a very comfortable manner, with an old acquaintance of mine, who is the lady of the castle, and hath forbid all depredations, which the people of the neighbourhood used to make, by taking it down to build and repair their houses and pigsties, which would have demolished it like the tower of Conway.

The next morning we went to the top of the hill, from whence we had a view of the whole vale of Clwydd, from one end to the other, which is equalled by none in England for fertility and beauty. There is neither mountain nor rock to be seen in any part of it: after you turn your back upon Rudland, the hills on one side of it rise very gradually by gentle ascents; most of them are cultivated quite to their summits, others half way up; and when the tops are not enclosed, they are a fine grassy down, like Clent-hill, and shaded and enlivened with wood, like the slopes in my park. But yet I prefer the scenes in Montgomeryshire to this lively vale: there is great beauty in this, but there is no majesty; whereas there, as in the mind of our friend the *madona*, the soft and the agreeable is mixed with the noble, the great, and the sublime. About the middle of this vale, upon the brow of a hill, stands Denbigh castle, a very fine ruin; it encloses as much ground as Conway or Carnarvon, but hath not so much building. The towers of it are
standing

standing at a very considerable distance from one another, being fewer in number; but they are in the same style of architecture, having been built in the reign of the same king, who by these strong fortresses secured to himself and his posterity the dominion of North Wales. The hall is still pretty entire, and rivals that of Conway, except that the roof doth not appear to have been arched. The towers are all in a ruinous state; I think it a pity, and shame to the owner, that more care is not taken to preserve such respectable remains of antiquity. When we left the vale of Clwydd, we went into a barren and mountainous country, which continued from Rythin as far as Wrexham.

The church of the latter is called one of the wonders of Wales; it does indeed equal, if not exceed any, in England. I have not described to you the cathedral of Bangor or St. Asaph; the first I did not see, and I was told it was not worth seeing; the latter hath nothing in it to deserve the description: nevertheless I should be glad to see the dean of E—— well seated in either of them, or rather at St. Asaph. From Wrexham we went to Winstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Part of the house is old; but he had begun building a new one before his death, in a very good taste. One wing is finished, and that alone makes a very agreeable house. The view from it is the most cheerful I ever beheld;

beheld; it stands in the middle of a very pretty park, and looks over that to a most delightful country; but, if the park was extended a little farther, it would take in a hill, with the view of a valley most beautifully wooded; and the river Dee winding in so romantick and charming a manner, that I think it exceeds that of Festiniog, or any confined prospect I ever beheld. Among other objects that embellish the scene, there is a fine bridge of stone. Tell Mrs. C—— S——, I would have her leave Clermont and the banks of the Thames, and build a house in this lovely spot. I will visit her every year; she will not be at any expence in making a garden, for nature hath made one to her hands, infinitely better than that of S——. Upon one of the neighbouring hills, which hath the same prospect as this, one Mr. Yorke has a seat, which I only saw at a distance; and which, I am told by a lady at Shrewsbury of a good taste, excels any in Wales for natural beauty.

Indeed the country for five or six miles is of another temper, exceedingly fertile, and very romantick. While I was looking at it, I asked Mr. P——, “Whether he thought
“ it possible for the eyes to behold a more
“ pleasing sight?” He said, “Yes; the sight
“ of a woman one loves.” My answer was,
“ When I was in love, I thought so.”

Our

Our last visit in Wales was to Chirk-castle; it was destroyed in the civil wars, and hath been rebuilt: it is a bad imitation of an old castle; the most disagreeable dwelling-house I ever saw; nor is there any magnificence to make amends for the want of convenience: the rooms are large indeed in one part, but much too low; and the ceilings are so heavy with clumsy fret-work, that they seem ready to fall upon one's head. It has a fine extensive prospect, but no other beauty of any kind, nor is the prospect to be compared with some we have seen at the other castles in Wales.

I am, &c.

LYTTELTON.

I N D E X
TO THE
THREE VOLUMES
OF
LORD LYTTTELTON'S WORKS.

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I N D E X.

I N D E X.

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